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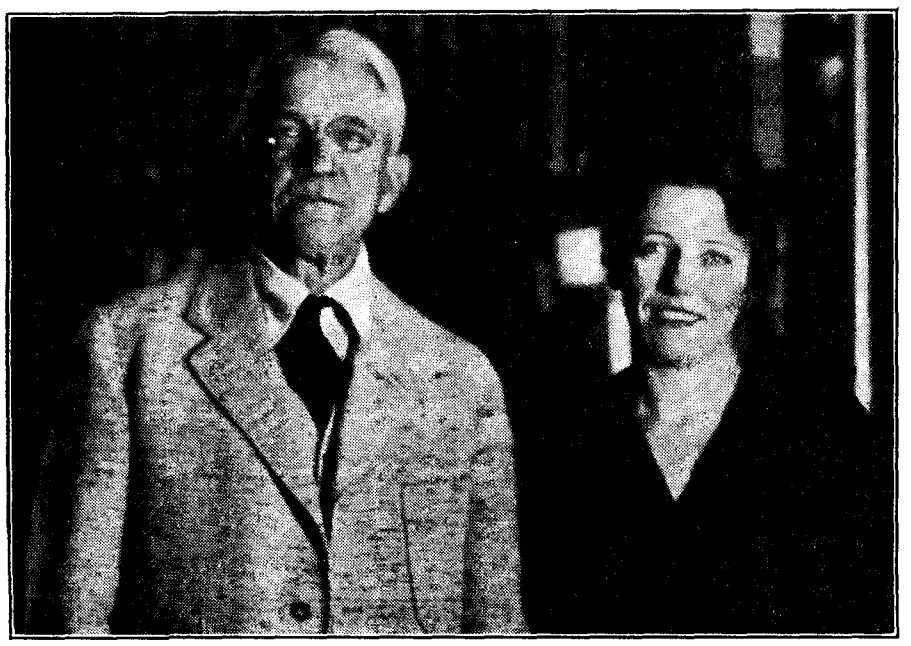

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS AND PEARL S. BUCK AT NEW HAVEN, JANUARY 30, ON THE OCCASION OF HER ADDRESS "TO UNBORN NOVELISTS."
Photograph by Sam Kravitt.

Salvation by Economics

THE NATURE OF CAPITALIST CRISIS. By John Strachey. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

THE story is told of Max Planck that he was unable to decide during his university days whether he should study physics or economics; both interested him greatly. He finally chose physics, firmly convinced that it was the less difficult of the two. John Strachey was not inhibited by any such *a priori* considerations. Many years after completing his university studies he foresook his political and literary career and ventured forth to settle accounts with the science of economics. "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis" is the result of this excursion.

In the past, economics has been greatly enriched by converts; its greatest contributors have been men whose first interests were in philosophy, business, and mathematics. Strachey follows a rich tradition. But there has been another, less auspicious, tradition which is frequently overlooked. During the last century and a half converts to economics have written more nonsense than converts to all the other sciences. Now Strachey has written neither a "Wealth of Nations" nor a "Capital"; but he has avoided adding just another book to the scrapheap of economic literature. It is, in fact, very difficult to decide just what kind of book Strachey has written. He informs us in the preface that he plans to concern himself with three problems: a comparison and a contrast of the principal explanations of economic crisis; the reasons for rejecting all except one of these explanations; the significance for practice of this last explanation.

Strachey establishes the relevance of his enquiry by emphasizing at the outset that the existing economic crisis is the most devastating in the entire history of capitalism. He quotes Lionel Robbins of the London School of Economics to prove that we are living not in the fourth but in the nineteenth year (now twenty-first year) of the depression. The best of capitalist economic theory is assumed by Strachey to be represented in the works of Robbins and his Austrian colleague, Hayek. This assumption is unfortunately not self-evident. To write on crises without once mentioning the Americans, W. C. Mitchell and

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Emancipator of the French Genius

FRANCIS THE FIRST. By Francis Hackett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

THIS volume by the author of the widely read "Henry VIII" is packed with that witty writing we associate with Mr. Hackett. It presents a colorful and fairly accurate narrative of the exploits of the king who with Henry VIII and Charles V formed a trio of youthful, ambitious monarchs of the sixteenth century. In these pages, Francis I, the warrior, by no means always the successful warrior, shines out in all his superficial brilliance. His intrigues, too, are carefully and exhaustively recounted. There is every evidence of careful study and effort in this phase of the book. Mr. Hackett has mastered the details of the intricate diplomacy of the period. Diplomatic history is usually dull; this is not the case with "Francis the First." There is also some excellent writing in the chapter entitled "Francis Comes to Power," where the Battle of Marignano is vividly described. As an aspect of the reign of this king, the work of Mr. Hackett is entertaining and will hold the reader to the last word. Francis's career is played off against a background of noisy military pageantry. One cannot doubt that the real Francis is here, but the background is not complete, nor was Francis only a warrior and a lover.

His France was not all of it aglow for military exploits and land-grabbing alone. In his army even, there was still the idealistic chivalry of a Bayard, and Francis himself was, at times, affected by it. In this period, too, there was the strengthening of the monarchy, and the policy of Francis towards the Church was an important phase of this development—a preparation in itself for the Age of Richelieu and that of Mazarin. Churchmen became servants of the state, and the Church in France began its transformation into a royal institution. Again, there is too little of Margaret of Navarre, and, if the phrase may be allowed, too much of the practice of relating the Renaissance in a nutshell. The scholars at the Sorbonne who finally received a refuge in the Collège de France and the court of Margaret, and its ideal-

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Advice to Unborn Novelists*

BY PEARL S. BUCK

THE first piece of advice I shall give a novelist about to be born is to take the greatest care about where he is born. Other people may be born anywhere and it makes very little difference to anybody. But to a novelist it matters a great deal, because all his experience in life from his very earliest years is his material from which he must draw all his life long, and to start in the wrong country is most unfortunate for him, and handicaps him irreparably. I take myself as an example. I began rightly enough, but fate, in the shape of two missionary parents, intervened before I was able to protect myself. I was born in America. It was at the time nothing but a handicap, for at the age of three months I was taken across the Pacific in a market basket and was, I was later made to understand, a great trial to my parents. I was at that age already a determined character, and nothing would induce me to drink out of a bottle. My mother suffered always from seasickness and it was a necessity that I take what I could get to eat. This I have always been willing to do but at three months evidently I had high ideas. I insisted upon being spoon fed, and the stewardess and my poor father spent their time on a very continuously rough sea, endeavoring to get a small portion of food into me by spoon. I was, I have understood, very patient and good-natured about it myself, but still completely firm. I believe it was during that momentous voyage that my father, who was an excellent missionary and very sound in theology, but very bad at buttons and safety pins on small children, was observed on his hands and knees in the cabin carefully feeling over the floor. Upon being asked what he was doing in this peculiar position, especially as he had put me in a corner of the floor and barricaded me in with suitcases temporarily so that I would not roll about among the trunks, he replied, "I was dressing the baby and had a safety pin in my mouth and if I can't find it, I have swallowed it." I regret to say it was never found, and we always felt thereafter that it explained any little unevenness in his temper.

Such was my start in life as a novelist, and I cannot recommend it.

My next advice to the young novelist about to be born, therefore, is that, having been successfully born into your own country, stay there at least until you wish to leave it of your own will.

I suppose I feel a little bitter on this point just now, because this morning I received a very indignant letter from a lady of strong Protestant convictions who intensely disliked a story I wrote for a certain woman's magazine, wherein I depicted two missionary spinsters in China as a little lower than the angels,—in short, as two of the human beings they really are, suffering often, as I have seen them almost universally suffer, if they had any sensitivity, from periods of loneliness and frustration. She said, "Since you owe your success to your missionary beginning in China, it is strange—"

At this point I put the letter in the waste basket. Nothing, of course, can be more stupid and untrue than this statement. For I have been continually hampered by the fact that I was taken to China in a market basket, and that I grew up in a very narrow and, I regret to say, rather quarrelsome missionary community from which I sought to escape by running away as often as I could to the kindlier peasants and people on the streets, commonly dubbed heathen. I remember as a very tiny girl standing in the shadows of a great temple at the foot of the hill where we lived in the country and looking with passionate love into the gentle benign face of a goddess of mercy who stood very dusty and patient in her alcove there. I had been learning from the Old Testament what God was. "For I, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation—" and I remember saying doggedly in my little frightened heart, "I choose you—I choose you—you look so kind."

It is true that these gods and peasants and people on the street make my earliest memories, just as war lords do, and running away from battles and hiding in hovels to save our lives, and expecting to be killed and setting my teeth to it, and famines and floods and the cries of dying people whom I could not help, and lovely scenes of little villages and harvest fields golden with ripe rice, and years of teaching in cold ugly school rooms and despairs of young students and suicides and the miseries of parents and children alienated by misunderstanding of modern times, and earnest young revolutionists and kindly quiet women and pretty black-eyed girls, and all the stuff I've had to put into my books because I had nothing else to put in them.

In short, I think the theological lady was stupid and mistaken. Being taken out of my own country in a market basket was the greatest mistake of my life. I advise the young novelist about to be born to protest against it with all his force—

* This article is condensed from a talk given by Mrs. Buck on January 30 at Yale University.

This Week

UNROLLING THE MAP
By LEONARD OUTHWAITE
Reviewed by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

MOSCOW CARROUSEL
By EUGENE LYONS
Reviewed by William Allen White

A MAN CALLED CERVANTES
By BRUNO FRANK
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

SCIENCE AND SOCIAL NEEDS
By JULIAN HUXLEY
Reviewed by Sanford V. Larkey

ONE LIGHT BURNING
By R. C. HUTCHINSON
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

JACOB'S LADDER
By ARTHUR TRAIN
Reviewed by Julian Mason

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PERSONAL APPEARANCES
Photographs by ROBERT DISRAELI

Next Week or Later

THE BLUE EAGLE FROM EGG TO EARTH
By HUGH S. JOHNSON
Reviewed by John T. Flynn

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kick, scream, fall ill, anything. For it is the greatest disadvantage to a novelist to spend his pre-writing years outside of his own country. I shall never forget the tremendous handicap it was to me when I first began to send out small tentative essays and stories. Back they came to me, always with the same regret—"we are not interested in anything about China." The manuscript of my little preliminary book I sent first myself to a publisher, only to have it come flying back—"regret the American public is not interested in anything on China." Here was I, compelled by my very nature to writing stories, and yet the English speaking people, *my* people, did not want the only thing I knew to write about! I sent the little manuscript to an agent, expecting nothing, and I am sure that out of all the many publishers to whom he sent it not one who refused it did not include as at least one of his chief reasons against it that it dealt with Chinese subjects. When by some miracle it found a publisher, it was because he saw through the Chinese material and sensed the possibility that the writer was primarily interested not in the Chinese people, but in people and writing about them.

And when I settled myself to write a trilogy, it had to be Chinese again. That is, my people had to be Chinese and the setting had to be Chinese. The fact that some people liked "The Good Earth" was, I have seen evidenced many times, not because it was Chinese, but because there were people in it. In fact, many readers didn't like the Chinese part at all. What they really liked were the human beings in it who were enough like themselves to be recognized, and they liked the story because it was something like a story anywhere. The Chinese part they disliked. They disliked the misery of famines and bandits, they disliked the attitude toward women, they protested against the frank, naturalistic attitude toward sex. I have received an enormous number of letters of protest, dislike, anger, disgust about it

It was the most devastating letter, I am sure, that ever one human being wrote to another. I shall not forget its searing, scornful reproof as long as I live. It ended with the words, "If there had been a woman in the office to whom I could have entrusted the saying of these things, I should have done so." He accused me of unmentionable evil because of revealing the naturalistic way in which the Chinese deal with marriage and sex. I was appalled and crushed by what I had unwittingly done. Letters from missionaries flooded in upon me—a few approving and glad I had told the truth, as they saw it, too, but nearly all of them feeling I had done wrong not to ignore what they called sin and suffering—but what I called life—and as they said, "use my talents for the glory of Jesus Christ."

Now a certain amount of this of course is very crushing, but a little more and the phoenix rises out of sheer wrath. I began to say to myself, "Look here, what's all this fuss about? I've only told the truth as I see it, and no more can be done." So I hardened myself, remembered my little serene goddess, and set myself to writing "Sons," the next in the trilogy.

Now "Sons," of course, is a purely Chinese book. It is modelled on the plan of the orthodox Chinese novel, the material is purely Chinese, the characters are less like ourselves than in the first book, and the situations are medieval to the American mind. Nevertheless, because of the market basket misadventure, there it was, waiting to be written. So in the same piecemeal fashion, I wrote it and sent it off. General Pershing, bless his heart, likes it better than any of the other books, and so do I. But to most Americans it is too foreign and strange and unrecognizable. It is, in short, too Chinese.

The same curse followed me with "The Mother." To many Americans the story was drab and depressing, the situations unbearably sorrowful. This was to my amazement, for in writing it I did not

script in between—that is, between taking care of children and an invalid father and teaching school at night and at odd hours when the babies were asleep, because we couldn't live on a microscopic missionary salary, and keeping house for two families besides, since there was not house room for all the university staff and we had to double up—in between these things I slipped up to my little attic room and for a free hour or so I could snatch every day I pounded out "The Good Earth" upon my old typewriter, which was so decrepit it heaped letters and words anyhow and nothing would cure it. Somehow the manuscript was finished—it was all on the tips of my fingers, what I had to say, and it went very fast even in the odd minutes, in spite of the fact that I was in an environment which did not and could not take novel writing or novels seriously, and even I myself came to consider it a secret indulgence and to feel guiltily that I was depriving others of my services when I was working on my book.

But still it did not occur to me to think of what other people might think. The first letter I received after its publication was from a member of a mission board.

tales much sorrier than the Mother's. For to me a person is sorrowful and pitiable only when he loses the desire to live, only when the morning for him breaks with no fresh zest. The Mother was always ready to live. In that book, though daughter and son were gone, though tragedy stalked her, she was never caught by tragedy—half the time she never even sensed it—she was instinct with life, passionate to live. She could come from her son's execution and weep her heart out and yet when she heard of her grandson's birth, she sprang up, ready to live again. There is no sadness in such a nature. Tragedy is not possible to her.

Therefore I say to the unborn novelist, whatever your group may be, let them not be merely *good* people—let them be humorous and wayward and gay and intelligent and feeling and sensitive, and let them not care to save either their own souls or the souls of others. Let them be those who remember what Jesus Christ said, "He that saveth his soul shall *lose* it!" Be born anywhere, little embryo novelist, but do not be born under the shadow of a great creed, not under the burden of

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Voice Heard from the Third Planet

By ELDER OLSON

ARTIFICER, within whose perilous brain
The starlight leaf and the far boughs of air
Alike were wrought, and moons, and diminutive man
Bound to a grassy sphere,

Lean from the cloud-high leaf, the unwithering
Branch, the celestial Tree of Moons, to him
Caught in the dreams of winter and of spring:
Descend, Daemons and fiery Seraphim,

Take pity on this talking animal:
Possessed by angels and impelled by fiends,
He turns, enchanted, with the turning ball,
The turning sky, the winds.

O change his body to a marble hind,
Take back his spirit to the phantasmal Grove,
Into a tiger's form translate his mind,
And make his heart a dove.

Thirty Centuries of Exploration

UNROLLING THE MAP. The Story of Exploration. By Leonard Outhwaite. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

ROY HOWARD, our eminent newspaper owner, runs an occasional cartoon about unfortunate little boys and girls who were "Born Thirty Years too soon."

That is exactly the way I feel, when I see the sort of books that are nowadays written and published for the benefit of the younger generation. Being a timid sort of an infant, an only son who was never allowed to do what he wanted to do, I had to find an outlet for my own surplus energy within the realm of adventure stories. The late eighties and the early nineties were a period of considerable geographical explorations and of some very interesting efforts to walk or soar to the North Pole. The recollection of Franklin's disastrous expedition (hundreds of people dying after they had actually reached land) was still fresh in the memory of many people. Stanley was publishing his volumes dealing with Darkest Africa, which attached themselves to my memory as a trip through "wettest Africa," for it seemed to rain on every page. Livingstone was still a hero, untouched by the suspicious hand of the bungling amateur psychoanalyst who is almost as much of a menace to society as his counterpart trying to drive a high-powered automobile through a crowd of children.

In short, it was a very interesting period for a lonely infant trying to find some substitute form of excitement for his own enforced idleness in reading about the great deeds of others.

But there was, as far as I could discover, no book that put all these adventures together, that combined them into one understandable whole. A bit of New Guinea here and a little bit of the Congo there, interspersed with an occasional semi-fictitious incident connected with the voyages of Marco Polo or the old Norsemen.

And now, after thirty years, when I have at last seen and smelled and experienced most of the places of which I had only dreamed as a child, the books that I would so dearly have loved to read at the age of twelve or fifteen are coming rolling from the presses.

The last one is Leonard Outhwaite's fascinating story of "The Unrolling of the Map." And Gordon Grant, who has forgotten more about drawing ships than I shall ever learn, has illustrated the volume. Like all such books, the specialist will probably discover slight errors of fact, such as that on page 279 where the relics of Barents's expedition are said to rest in the naval museum of The Hague. There is no naval museum in The Hague. Nor is there a replica of the house which the expedition had built on Nova Zembla. I happen to know this because, struck by the dilapidated shabbiness of the showcases in Amsterdam in which those relics were shown, I offered to buy some new green baize, a generous gesture which was received with the scorn of silence.

Except for this incident I would never have noticed this slight lapse from the truth, and I think that such matters (as far as I can see) are quite as unimportant as they are unavoidable. The main thing one can ask of a compilation like this is: does it give us a feeling of continuity to the last three thousand years? Do we see man actually at work, struggling his terrific struggle to rid himself of his ignorance about his physical surroundings?

Outhwaite's book on the slow and painful unrolling of our map does just that. Does it soberly and intelligently and readably, and makes many of us of the present generation feel again that we should have done better if we had been born thirty years later.

* *

Hendrik Willem Van Loon is the author of "The Story of Mankind" and "Geography."

Truth About Russia

MOSCOW CARROUSEL. By Eugene Lyons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AMERICAN presses have been steadily spouting factual books about Russia during the last eighteen years. Observers have tried through statistics and other earnest and more or less honest descriptions to give an accurate impression of the Russian experiment. Historians have written the Russian story with elaborate attention to details and with eloquence and color, in their language. But the truth for the most part eludes writers who try to convey some impression of the soul of Russia by sticking to facts.

SOVIET WRITERS. *From "Moscow Carrousel."*

Eugene Lyons has come nearer than most to the truth about Russia because he has let facts go hang and has fictionized what he saw as the Moscow correspondent of the United Press during nearly a decade of Russian residence and has put into sketches his inner sense of the Russian scene. These sketches are not precisely fictional. Apparently they are founded in actuality. But they are literary pastels that tell through feeling rather than photographic details the truth about the strange topsy-turvy civilization that has been erected between the Baltic and the Pacific by the proletarian communists in charge of that country.

Mr. Lyons's book first of all has charm. He has written of Russian personalities, Russian situations, not ponderously but with a certain tragic gaiety that gives what he writes an impress of veracity. The book is easy reading, but none the less in it is probably the confusing truth about Russia, because what Mr. Lyons writes is not prejudiced either for or against the proletarian dictatorship. And the method he uses is so disarming in its disingenuousness, its happy shoulder-shrugging denial of propagandist intentions, that the reader closes the book with a sense of having glimpsed the truth. The Red-baiters will not like it, and probably Eugene Lyons will never be able to go to Moscow with a Russian visa on his passport. But he can look himself in the face as an honest writer who has tried to tell the truth and scorned both the devils: the devil who expects Mr. Lyons to agonize about the Russian failure, and the equally pestering devil who demands that every writer shall gloat over Russian success.

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Cervantes Brought to Life

A MAN CALLED CERVANTES. By Bruno Frank. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

"THERE were no coaches in Madrid. The Cardinal-Legate had to ride to his audience. They had routed out a white mule for him; he rode side-saddle like a woman, his brilliant robe swelling down about him. A fine, icy rain was falling on his flat purple hat. Old Fabio Fumagalli, Canon of Saint Peter, led his animal by the rein. Beside and behind him his attendants trudged in the dirt, three minor clerics and several servants, all of them looking gloomily down upon their stockings, splashed to mid-leg with filth. The gentlemen of the cloth held up their skirts with both hands, like peasant women, and thought of the well-paved Roman promenades."

With these evocative sentences of his opening paragraph, descriptive of Giulio Acquaviva's approach to the presence of Philip II, Bruno Frank transports his reader through time and space to the Spain of 1568, to the land and age of young Miguel de Cervantes; and at no subsequent point in his three hundred page "biographical novel" does the author's re-creative magic lose its potency. The man we live with in this book—however closely or distantly he may approximate the Cervantes his contemporaries knew—is a convincing, breathing personality, not patched together from dry scraps of fact, but imaginatively realized within the frame that recorded fact supplies; and he moves, not against dusty historic tapestries woven by peering scholarship, but through the sunlight and shadows of a pulsing world. He is real, in short, through all the stages of his journey—in Madrid, in Rome, amid the action of Lepanto, in the hands of the Barbary corsairs, as a returned soldier and sufferer seeking royal favor, as a man of far-wandering dreams married to a dull wife, as a king's commissioner squeezing blood from peasant stones; and as a prisoner pouring his heart's blood, his sore experience, his hard-won knowledge of mankind, his therapeutic humor, and all the backwash of frustrated worldly ambition, into a quintessentially Spanish and timely work that was destined to become international and immortal.

For the most part, as I have said, Mr. Frank has been faithful to recorded or reputed fact. There are only a few minor episodes in this narrative that are the appropriate product of invention. It is fact that Cervantes served in the household of Cardinal Acquaviva; that he sailed from Messina, in the company of Urbina, aboard the *Marquesa,* in the armada commanded by Don John of Austria; that he was below deck, ill with a fever, when the battle of Lepanto began; that he rushed up to join in the fighting, and was wounded in chest and hand. It is fact that it was aboard the *Sol,* and off Les Trois Maries, that Cervantes and his brother Roderigo were captured by the corsairs. There is no question regarding the figure at which Cervantes' ransom was fixed; we know the general character of his life in Algiers; and we are in no doubt regarding his several attempts to escape, or the transaction which finally gave him his freedom. We have evidence of his vain struggles to make a living by writing, and we are familiar with the exact terms of his famous contract with Rodrigo Osorio. But there is no need to elaborate the point. I make it merely because the publishers, and even Mr. Frank himself, might lead readers to believe that we know less about Cervantes than we do. Some of the most telling details in this "biographical novel," which might seem most like invention, are the very facts of which we are surest. Mr. Frank gives his imagination rein only in such episodes as the affair with Gina, and the interlude with Angelina; and even then it is delicately checked by a sense of probability and suitability.

This does not mean that he is hobbled by history. Within the historic frame, his imagination works freely in the creation of a personality; and he carries his historical baggage lightly. There is not a date in his book, and Philip is always merely Philip, never Philip II. On certain unimportant occasions, indeed, he and history do not agree. Acquaviva was not a cardinal when he went to Madrid; he was not elevated to the cardinalate until the spring of 1570. It is highly improbable that Cervantes encountered Acquaviva in Madrid, and highly probable that he joined his household in Rome. But for purposes of "biographical fiction" no opening scene could be more dramatically effective than the one Mr. Frank has chosen. As regards the corsairs, too, the author takes a small liberty. Surely the pirate state which he so vividly describes, more closely resembles the business organization which was run by the Turkish pashas, after 1587, than it does the Algiers governed by the beylerbeys, before 1587. And Cervantes was captured by Arnaut Mami in 1575.

But these details are only important enough to be noted, not stressed. Mr. Frank has performed a difficult feat with entire success, and has told a fascinating story. There should be some fit and common word for the kind of art that he displays. One would like to name it necromancy, but, properly speaking, that means calling up the dead for purposes of divination, whereas the artist summons them simply for their own sake.

FRANCIS HACKETT

Emancipator of the French Genius

(*Continued from first page*)

ism (questionable at times when the Queen of Navarre was concerned), receive too scant attention. And Francis himself in his rebuilding of Paris and his imitation of Rome has little place in these pages. There was a quiet and studious dignity as well as a glittering superficiality to this period of history. Furthermore,

FRANCIS I
From the painting by Clouet in the Louvre

while, as the author states, France did not accept the Reformation, she did accept the Renaissance, and from the influence of this group of men there went out a spirit to which she has given her adherence down to the present day. In the midst of his intrigues and exploits, Francis was touched by this force, although he came, at times, to fear it, and it was his personality that aided considerably in its survival in France. It was not mere fawning flattery that made Joachim du Bellay write:

> O great Francis, adored of the nine sisters,
> . . . . . .
> Thou hast lifted from the eyes of intelligence in France
> The black fold of blind ignorance.

The King's patronage of the Renaissance was as great a factor in the building up of the fervent spirit of nationalism as were his foreign enterprises. France became conscious again of her classical heritage. But the true nature of this movement, its writers, thinkers, and builders receive slight treatment. Francis's wars supplied the medium for this movement, and it was, in part, from Italy that France brought back not only a new art, but also a new attitude that was characterized by two things: the love of nature and not to fight it, and the love of reason and not to avoid it. In spite of his occasional alarms, Francis brought about the emancipation of the French genius.

There is brilliant and colorful writing in this book. Occasionally, however, it is marred by too great a striving for effect. The opening sentences, for example, begin with a vision of the modern Francis on the boulevards of Paris, "broad-shouldered and thin-legged, with his hat raked at the jaunty angle of a military cap," his hand on the wheel of a car, a blonde girl at his side. Such an introduction carries the imagination of a student of biography to the breaking point. One questions if it is necessary to make such an effort to interpret a character of the sixteenth century to the modern world. As the author himself acknowledges, the spirit of France is much the same today as it was then. What need, therefore, to go almost to the length of dragging in a Rolls-Royce to make the picture comprehensible? Historical biography needs brilliance and color, but dignity also.

John M. S. Allison is professor of history at Yale.

Writing of the death of J. Leslie Mitchell, known also by his pseudonym, Lewis Grassic Gibbon, *The London Observer* says: "Mitchell had a double life as an author. He had explored the Maya country in Central America, and was fascinated by pre-history and geography. Under that name he wrote of the Maya culture, and in 'Nine Against the Unknown,' his last book, he described the great European pioneers in exploration. He was also, under his other name, the biographer of Mungo Park as well as the novelist of the Mearns. In the novels there continually wells up one of the governing ideas of his mind, the belief in a better past, a world of simple, uncorrupted men, true primitives."

Controlling Destiny

SCIENCE AND SOCIAL NEEDS. By Julian Huxley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by SANFORD V. LARKEY

BECAUSE of the profound changes science has made in every aspect of our daily life, there has arisen a faith in the limitless possibilities of this knowledge, acquired so painfully through the ages. To many, science is the one hope of our troubled times, the only way out. But the prophets of despair are not wanting. Science is blamed for our difficulties. The "machine" is personified as a malevolent force, displacing thousands of men at one move, and swelling the ranks of the unemployed. Since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution the worker has felt this, and it has been driven home with cruel force in the last few years. So we have the paradox of a movement which should make life more pleasant and more secure, but which, at least in certain phases of its activities, accomplishes exactly the reverse.

Professor Julian Huxley is one of those scientists who senses the human implications of the scientific movement, and he approached the problem with this feeling uppermost in his mind. He attempted a survey of the research activities of Great Britain as they related to the needs of society, and this book is the result of his study. Although it still bears the marks of the necessities of its original radio presentation, this does not detract from but rather adds to its popular appeal. Some of the chapters are in the form of dialogues with other prominent scholars. It is interesting to see this form, used by Plato and so popular in scientific works of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, again coming into its own as a result of broadcasting technique.

The work begins with an introductory chapter by Sir William Bragg, who poses the question: "Science: Friend or Enemy?" Then Huxley and Professor Levy have an informal chat on the issues to be considered, after which Huxley, following the example of his famous grandfather's friend, embarks on his own "Cruise of the Beagle." He endeavored to see as much as he could of the various research institutes in his own country, in all branches, whether supported by the government, universities, or by industry, and to see what were the immediate results of their work and what it meant for the future. It is the extremely personal and sometimes rather amateurish findings of a keen observer, but it is a good beginning.

He assembles his material into certain broad categories: food, building, clothing, health, communications, and, as general problems, the relation of science to society as a whole. In each of the main branches of industry he is optimistic as to what science has done for the industry, but when it comes to the ultimate extension of these benefits for the good of all the people he is less sanguine. He feels that economic forces tend to defeat the aims of science. Overproduction is the great dilemma. He emphasizes that most of the research has been devoted to production, while little attention has been paid to consumption. He says: "Without the large-scale planning of industry, science is liable to cause as many difficulties as it relieves."

He has not much to offer as a solution, although he stresses the advantages of a visionary world-state. He points out the international character of science, and how science is breaking down national lines. But he looks to science itself, rather than to any political or economic movement, to solve our problems: "I have faith in science, and believe that in the long run human reason, employing the scientific method, will enable us to control our destiny."

While of course the problems discussed in the book are peculiarly British, they have their counterpart in our own country and a knowledge of what is being done in England will help us in the solution of our affairs. "Science and Social Needs" is far from a comprehensive or exhaustive study, but it does present some important facts, and is challenging and interesting.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Battle of the Books

This time it is the longs and the shorts that are fighting, with the shorts in a deplorable minority. Since the resounding financial success of "Anthony Adverse" and the reputation won by such mountainous works as "The Magic Mountain," "Look Homeward, Angel," "An American Tragedy," and "Three Cities," the novel has gone lengthy. Cynics will tell you how it is done. As a result of "Anthony Adverse's" half million, every publisher has been pawing at manuscripts whose bulk the year before would have frightened him. But this is only part of the story.

The truth is that every born novelist would rather write long than short. Society is his subject, society in all its complexities of character, action, ideas, prejudices, behavior, manners, and ultimate psychology. His province is broader than that of the drama, even in its great period, for he not only instructs and informs as well as amuses, but also he can swing from poetry or romance to the extreme of naturalistic realism without cracking his mould, which is indeed not so much a mould as a balloon capable of indefinite expansion.

And novelists are like other men, lazy. Their imaginations may move tirelessly, and it is certain that they observe more than others. Being first of all students of the daily scene, they keep afloat in their minds vast clouds of talk about everything their society discusses. If you are fortunate enough to press the right button in Sinclair Lewis he will respond with an improvisation of dramatic dialogue that takes ten minutes in the telling (and perhaps only two of his closely economized pages if he ever writes it down). But economy is not natural to novelists, at least not to our modern novelists. The newspaper has set them the example of a big brush freely applied. For all their apparent realism, they are impressionists, like the painters and poets, aiming at mass effects by a free use of detail. And their detail is so plentiful, so easily got at in our anthill society, so appealing to those accustomed to read in the tabloids or see in the movies every triviality of experience headlined or captioned and blared forth with the confident egoism of feature writers who know that the modern mass ego is weak!

It is not surprising then that we have long novels. The miracle is that we still have writers willing to use restraint, economy, selection in their prose, writers like Thornton Wilder, Robert Nathan, Virginia Woolf, Willa Cather, who submit to the painful concision which sharpens the edge of art, and with abundant matter and no limits except the covers of a book, do naturally what the short story writer does unnaturally and mechanically in the popular magazines.

That there are long, very long novels that justify their length goes without saying. If the scene is epic, as in "War and Peace," or the subject the slow development of character as in "Tom Jones," or the theme an analysis of the psychology of a society as in "The Magic Mountain" or the Proustian series, length, great length, is indispensable. And there are other types, such as the romance of Dumas or the satire of Cervantes, where the infinite fertility of the author justifies a procession of incident which may last from dawn to night of a reading day.

Yet, in general, the long novel is longer than it needs to be, and especially today. If the essays could be unloaded from "Tom Jones" the narrative would run better and be far more often read. This is heresy of course, to which the orthodox reader replies that the digressions in such a book are the sauce without which the fish would be flavorless. Perhaps, yet it is possible to have too much sauce.

But there is no arguing with masterpieces. If Richardson or Balzac can make me read a million words in one narrative, all hail to them. It was genius not length that did it. And if in the middle hundred thousand of a modern novel I settle down contentedly, glad that for another four hundred pages I need not change my book, that also is creditable to the author, but proves little or nothing except that he is a superlatively good story teller.

And might be a better one. For it is our reasoned opinion that ninety-nine long modern novels out of a hundred could be cut from one quarter to a third with positive gain. That in ninety novels out of a hundred excessive length is due to the unwillingness or inability of the writer to control his imagination and the medium in which he works. That eighty long novels out of a hundred are nothing but short novels puffed up, padded out, stretched by the insertion of a mass of undigested material from the lazy brain of the writer, who has not taken time to work its essence into his story. The verbose novelist, like all novelists, works upon character and its environment. His failure is in environment, which complaisant publishers and an easy-going public allow him to work up into a soufflée in which two eggs fill a baking dish. Do we get more for our money in these endless, formless, autobiographical, philosophical, or newspaper-supplement novels? No, we get less. Good fiction has specific gravity. Good fiction never wastes a word. Good fiction is a significant story, not reporting of the insignificant. Good fiction is good prose, which heaven knows, most modern novels in English are not.

"Vassily Vassilovich Shkvarkin is reputed to be the richest man in Moscow today," according to the Moscow correspondent of a London newspaper, "and he is neither a banker nor an industrialist. He is a dramatist who until recently was relatively unknown. So popular has his rollicking farce, 'Another Man's Child,' become that he is reputed to have earned approximately one million roubles in less than a year."

"IT'S WORTH TWO-FIFTY, DEAR—IT MADE ME CRY ALL NIGHT."

To the Editor: *Author and Reviewer of "Fire on the Andes"*

From Carleton Beals

Sir:—While I was out of the country, the *Saturday Review* printed a most abusive attack on my recent book, "Fire on the Andes," by Philip Ainsworth Means, from 1920-1921 director of the National Museum of Archaeology in Lima, Peru. Mr. Means has also written two weighty tomes on pre-Spanish Peru and the conquest, which despite their lilac Victorian English, pedantry, and arbitrary conclusions, have great value for their accumulation of data.

He accuses me—to mention only a few bristling phrases—of "pernicious nonsense," lack of "serene" criticism, and "scurrility," the very traits he displays in his review. To clinch his argument, he declares I have "a grudge against the world," that "Red Russia" has been my "ideal of terrestrial perfection," that I go "to Peru in quest of the tumult and chaos" my soul loves.

Such cheap journalistic trickery and libelous misrepresentation should at once condemn his review for any thinking person. I have never considered Soviet Russia, though I have sympathized with the post-war plight of its people, a place of terrestrial perfection; in fact I have signed protests against its treatment of political prisoners. I know well the cost of tumult and chaos to any nation, and all my writing has invariably stressed the need for an intelligent ordered society.

By his defense of Lima's pleasantly decadent Creole society and all its moss-back feudal creeds and exploitation of the people of the Sierra who comprise seventy percent of the country's population, Means merely reveals himself to be a rancid Bourbon, a kisser of the toes of aristocracy, a sacred-institution chest-pounder. Unable to discuss dispassionately my analysis of Peruvian institutions, he forces me to reply to trivialities with which he attempts to cast doubt on my accuracy.

Means objects to my statements regarding the rifling of the National Museum—the charges are detailed in the official record of the Camara—and to my remark that it is "a shabby stable where a few dusty objects are kept without being properly classified for the intelligence of the ordinary visitor." According to Means it "is the largest and best-arranged collection of Peruvian archaeology in the world, housed in a large and specially designed building."

I hope Mr. Means knows which museum *he* was connected with. Probably he is here referring to the specially built Larco Herrera museum on Alfonso Ugarte Avenue, which was recently constructed and purchased by the government a few years ago. This museum, though it has very little Tiahuanaco, Inca, or Chavín material, is a fine collection of Nazca and Chimú coast ceramics and textiles, all well-classified. The National Museum is housed in the barn-like upper floor of the old city hall on Paseo Colón.

I am "muddle-headed" because though I praise Luis Valcárcel, he is the "real director" of the Museum which I so much "malign." Without clarifying the position Valcárcel really holds, I may say, his appointment was very recent; he is not responsible for either the deplorable state of the National Museum or the excellent state of the Larco Herrera Museum.

Means takes me to task abusively, with a personal slur that I saw only the bar, for my statement about the lack of a library in the Club Nacional (Lima's chief club). When I visited the club, it had no library. This was recently inaugurated precisely because of well-merited jibes.

He attacks me for using the term "ayullu" instead of "ayllu." If I have chosen to follow the Hispanicized form, as do most Peruvian writers, it is because I am not stricken with Mr. Means's peculiar brand of pedantry. He accuses me of having depended on a copyrighted book published in 1932 for pages 58 and 73 of my own book. The book to which he refers is of course his own, but perhaps he also has a copyright on the Spanish chroniclers—such as Garcilazo, Xerez, Pedro Pizarro—who are our only sources, as well as on Prescott, who wrote a really great book on the Conquest, and a dozen other previous Peruvian writers. I presume that he imagines that his work here represents original research. He is perhaps nettled by my correction of his own errors, for instance his having rolled an empire into "the golden dust" of Cajamarca on a rainy, muddy day.

He declares that my chronology on page 85-86 is a hodge-podge of several schemes, none of which I cite, the result being misleading and inaccurate. The specific trouble with pseudo-archeologists dealing with early Peru is precisely the fact that they devise hard and fast "schemes" unwarranted by the hazy character of the evidence. Means is particularly guilty of this and is very enamored of his pet divisions arbitrarily set up. I am sorry to say that recent specialized investigations into the Chaín, Mochican, and Chimú cultures do not tend to bear out his conclusions.

Means could have done better to have discussed my book on broader lines on the basis of the manifold problems it actually presents rather than inventing for me a political creed I do not possess or working himself up into such a lather as to stoop to the constant use of such virago-like expressions as "hateful spirit," "spleen," "endless venom," which are quite beneath a would-be scholar of his calibre.

CARLETON BEALS.

New York City.

Mr. Means Replies

SIR:—There are only a few points in Mr. Beals's letter about my review of his book, "Fire on the Andes," that require comment from me. They are as follows:

1. The National Museum of Peru is the former Larco-Herrera Museum in the Avenida Alfonso Ugarte in Lima. Its director is Dr. Luís Valcárcel. This has been the National Museum, and the director has been Dr. Valcárcel for some years past, and the situation was certainly as here described when Mr. Beals was in Lima. Only he did not manage to learn of it, apparently. The museum which, in his

(*Continued on page* 525)

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

FRANCIS I. By FRANCIS HACKETT. *Doubleday, Doran.* A brilliantly written biography, and a picture of Renaissance France.

A MAN CALLED CERVANTES. By BRUNO FRANK. *Viking.* A novel based on the life of the author of "Don Quixote."

A CAPTAIN DEPARTED. By A. W. SMITH. *Yale University Press.* A British officer's goodbye to militarism.

This Less Recent Book:

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER. By A. P. HERBERT. *Doubleday, Doran.* A psychological story of a murder, recently reissued.

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O'Hara's Short Stories

THE DOCTOR'S SON, AND OTHER STORIES. By John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. O'HARA'S novel, "Appointment in Samarra," was one of the sensations of last season. Ernest Hemingway approved it, Dorothy Parker was enthusiastic about it. It bore the *imprimatur* and the *nihil obstat* of the smartest minds. It started the town talking.

To my mind he has written about more significant people in his present book of short stories, a good many of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*. The long title story is new and excellent. It is drawn from those youthful impressions that are the most indelible. The Pennsylvania Country Club people of "Appointment in Samarra," many of them almost unbelievably cheap, were observed and depicted from impressions of a later date. In spite of Mrs. Parker's opinion, it seems to me that they were mercilessly depicted. Naturalism could go no further. No one can quarrel with that attitude on the part of the author; but one may wonder why so brilliant a talent was expended on this particular material. The material in the present book of short stories interests me more, though it may not be such a smack in the eye.

There have been many stories told from the viewpoint of shrewdly innocent and but half-developed youth. Ernest Hemingway has done some good ones. But Mr. O'Hara's story, "The Doctor's Son," owes practically nothing to Hemingway in manner, and the *milieu* is entirely the author's own. It is impressive.

I would criticize the other stories in general terms only on the basis that a few of them seem to me to fail in bringing out the significance Mr. O'Hara evidently feels to be latent in them. I've read "New Day" three times and I still can't see much reason for its being, except as the beginning of something. Just as you get interested in "Mrs. Brown" the story is

JOHN O'HARA
Drawing by George Schreiber, with Mr. O'Hara's autograph.

over. "Mort and Mary" is a good picture of a certain kind of Catholic man, and so what? Mere portraits of futility do not seem to me interesting enough. On the other hand, take the exceedingly brief "Early Afternoon." It has the bite of acid. Its ending is perfect. Take the next story, "Pleasure"; Stephen Crane would have admired it. "Alone" impresses me. "On His Hands" is a good presentation of a young rotter. "It Wouldn't Break Your Arm" handles its situation well, and "Mr. Cass and the Ten Thousand Dollars" is a true tragedy of the trivial. I found "Mrs. Galt and Edwin" and "Hotel Kid" and "In the Morning Sun" examples of the considerable range of observation possessed by this writer. "Back in New Haven" impales adolescence with mimetic art, "Straight Pool" is finely sardonic and "All the Girls He Wanted" good irony. And then, for a tough story, there's the grimness of "Sportsmanship"; and, for ironic humor, there's "The Public Career of Mr. Seymour Harrisburg."

Yes, there's a lot in this book and *multum in parvo*. The *New Yorker* story is typically a vignette, so many of these are vignettes; but Mr. O'Hara understands how and why people tick, and is sensitively aware of what apparently trivial actions imply. This book is one of the best short-story collections of the year although the tales are not of the usual magazine length or general type; perhaps *because* of that fact. At all events, Mr. O'Hara has an independence that is admirable and knows human nature quite remarkably well. You feel that almost any manifestation of life is fascinating to him. That is why he is able to make it fascinating to the reader.

Three Patterns of Post-War Life

IN TIME OF PEACE. By Thomas Boyd. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1935. $2.50.

THIS last and posthumously published novel, by the author who scored so brilliant a success with "Through the Wheat," charts a straight course through the post-war social history of the United States and elaborates a pattern that has been made thoroughly familiar to us by many novels and short stories, and by a great mass of factual reporting. During the past sixteen years we have heard much of the hero's return, of the difficulty of the soldier's readjustment to peace-time conditions. We have also read many tales of young married couples who were lifted up on the flood of Coolidge prosperity, cast down with paralyzing force by the 1929 collapse, and then swept along, battered and bewildered and embittered, in the trough of the subsequent depression. And we have been eloquently assured, by many victims and observers, that the one way of preventing a recurrence of our recent disasters is to abolish the capitalistic system, and to replace it by a society in which there will be neither exploiters nor exploited, but only honest workmen, all of whom will be conscientiously concerned with giving one another a helping hand and an even break. Thomas Boyd's novel, then, is triply familiar; for it is the story of the soldier's return (a return haunted by war memories); the story of the young married couple; and the story of the man who comes to see no salvation for society save in class war, and in the final defeat of those who have by those who have not.

We last saw William Hicks as the protagonist of "Through the Wheat." We meet him again, in this new novel, clad in his old army shirt, sweating at a lathe in a Chicago mill. But factory work holds no future for the young man who is in love with Patsy Hughes, who has recently lost her job on a Chicago paper, and who has returned to the parental roof in a nameless mid-Western city. He will leave the mill, follow Patsy, and marry her; and this he does according to schedule. By a happy accident, rather than according to schedule, he lands a newspaper job himself, and he and Patsy settle down to matrimonial bliss in a tiny flat. And then? There is little that the reader will not anticipate until house is gone, job is gone, and Patsy, the breadwinner, is filled with bitter resentment against "the system" responsible for it all. Last scene: William Hicks downed by a bullet in his leg, fired by a guard "defending" the property of Victory Motors against a crowd of unemployed and unarmed men.

Were this narrative animated by unusual emotional force, or made interesting by fully realized characters, it might even now seem fresh and stirring. But there is no such animation, and there are no such characters. Hicks moves as a stock figure along a well-grooved path. Patsy is little more than a name, so Hicks's relations with her can never be made vital or engrossing; and the affair with Carlotta remains curiously unreal. What we have here is merely the competent presentation, in fiction form, of an economic argument; and we have heard the same argument often, expressed in the same terms, but expressed sometimes with greater power, and sometimes with surer art.

In a Land Asleep

ONE LIGHT BURNING. By R. C. Hutchinson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. HUTCHINSON'S novel has quality, and if it at all follows the pattern of its two predecessors, "The Answering Glory" and "The Unforgotten Prisoner," which this reviewer hasn't read, he is an artist just the least bit difficult to get the hang of. He has power and what in actors is called "authority"; spiritual earnestness, and can, when he chooses, spring surprises and create suspense. At the same time, his trick of deliberate obscurity, of knowingness about all sorts of things which the reader is unable to share, can become irritating, and in the matter of being solemn to the point of absurdity, he sails pretty close to the wind.

His main plot, reduced to its crudest

WOODCUT BY LYND WARD
From the jacket of "One Light Burning."

terms, is the story of an excessively erudite English professor, who, having deliberately given up the notion of marriage early in his career, and successfully eluded women up to something like middle life, falls with a bang, while on a little steamer bound from England to Scandinavia, for another man's wife. She seems to be a quite simple female, just married to a handsome, harum-scarum, and none too scrupulous Irishman, who rather neglects her en route. The professor starts out by being sorry for her. Just what other pulls she may have exerted are not made very clear, but they were, at any rate, tremendous. She becomes Anthony Wild's lode-star, his spiritual beacon-light, the embodiment of Sassoon's verse which gives the novel its title—"You that keep, in a land asleep, one light burning till break of day."

But there was a secondary pole-star, in the shape of Wild's dear friend, the German naturalist, Franz Grundmann, disappeared, and possibly dead, on an expedition into the Arctic wilds of northern Siberia. Franz was one of those souls so rare and so precious to a groping, stupid world that finding and restoring him became for Wild a sort of quest for a holy grail. It was as he embarked on this quest, which the author wraps in characteristic mystery and mysticism, that Wild first met Greta Brissaut.

These two beacon-lights—Greta's outshining the other, once Wild and she have met—persist throughout the story; through the tragic suffering and failure of the Siberian quest; the imprisonment and near-execution of Wild and his associates by the Bolsheviks; Wild's semi-delirious pursuit of Greta through southeastern Europe; until, finally, after the husband's murder, both quests end with the tortured but steadfast Wild reaching his goals.

This more or less mystical pursuit of the ideal grinds desperately on throughout the novel against a background always vivid, realistic up to a certain point—the point of permitting the reader to understand just what country or neighborhood he actually is in—curiously spattered with exotic details, unfamiliar coins, drinks, and what not, and occasionally flaring up into frank melodrama. There is a touch of Conrad, a somewhat similar intricacy and solemn romanticism.

Until he goes more or less out of his head toward the end of his trials, Wild is an odd late flowering of the strong-and-silent type once so fashionable in English fiction. In his casual professor's way, he is equal to everything; includes, apparently, in his omniscience, a fluent speaking knowledge of the languages of all the tribes, however outlandish, among which his adventures take him. He is forever wrapped in an air of one who knows, has seen, and suffered so much, that he lives—very modestly and unassumingly, of course—in a sort of super-mundane world of his own.

It is in his unremitting solemnity toward his professor-hero, especially in the later chapters, that the author sails, as I have already suggested, pretty close to the wind. We just can't quite stand the strain, and begin to view the situation and its principals realistically, which is something they, too, can't quite stand.

Neatest Trick of the Week

JACOB'S LADDER. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JULIAN MASON

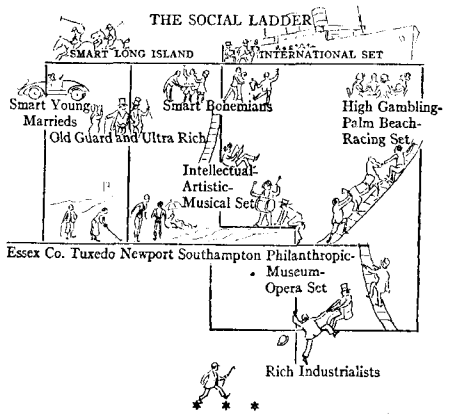
TO bring up to date the old American drama, "From Rags to Riches," or even "The Rise of Silas Lapham," is a neat technical accomplishment. In "Jacob's Ladder," Mr. Train does it. If ever there was an up-to-the-minute book, this is it. It's as fresh and flash as *The New Yorker*. And I wonder if it isn't written primarily for the "Old Lady from Dubuque"?

It concerns the progress into, through, and out of Long Island "society" made by J. H. Bates, of "Bates' Animal Elixir," the patent-medicine millionaire. With him, Mr. Bates drags his unwilling wife and restless children. At the end, he finds for himself the solid "non-society" position of respect which, it seems to me, can and does come to decent men of large affairs, here in New York, through their contacts with business, benevolence, and public service.

Mr. Train arrives at this perfectly sound conclusion in the last hurried pages of his book. But, in its previous 124,000 words, he leads us such a dance as I have rarely seen outside of a theatrical extravaganza. His colors are so broad as to be farcical.

Why, for instance, did all of "J. H.'s" original business friends have to make their pile in such unattractive industries? Why "Gum" Baxter, the chicle king, and why the vulgarity of "Flush" Thompson, the plumbing magnate? Why rub it in on "Flush's" daughter's engagement to a Ukrainian prince, by saying: "It was true that the prince had been twice divorced after a sensational career, which included passing several bad checks in Hollywood, but this very fact seemed to give the affair all the greater réclame"? Would it? Isn't Mr. Train letting his fine hatred of sham run away with him? Or is he but laughing wryly at the show which he himself is putting on?

At any rate, I can assure the "Old Lady from Dubuque" that she will rarely find so much direct contemporaneous authenticity mixed into a novel of New York "society." Mr. Train sets down stories that were actually told, quips that were actually made, names of actual persons actually living today in the roles which he assigns them. "Irene Gibson," "Cox," the yacht-broker, and others are used to introduce this patchwork of realism. It is a daring experiment, and only the fact that it is done without malice saves it.



JACOB'S LADDER. *Redrawn from a chart in Arthur Train's novel.*

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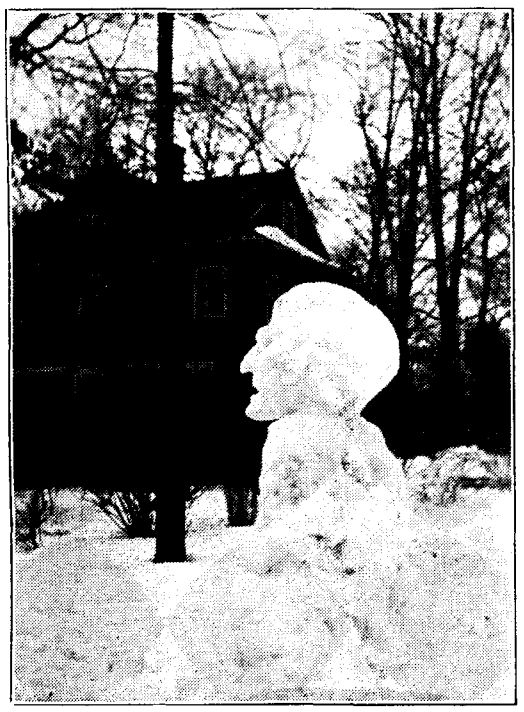
These are exact quotations from the steamship advertising in one issue of a monthly magazine (*Fortune*, February 1935).

How about an occasional mention of lifeboats, safety devices, emergency discipline?



SNOW IMAGE OF U. S. SENATOR VOTING AGAINST THE WORLD COURT
(*By an Unknown Sculptor*)

West Virginia goes to the top of the class for the best literary oddity of 1935—or perhaps of all time. Dale Warren sends me a letter written to the Houghton Mifflin Company by a lady in that State:

Dear sirs:

I wish to become an author. Can you assist me?

If you have any blank paper which is of no benefit to you, but which I can use in practice writing, greatly will I appreciate your sending me a supply.

Thanking you in advance, I am, very truly

March begins with everyone grumbling about Pink Slips. In the income tax as in underclothes a pink slip is preferably kept personal and private.

The boy in the subway was reading *Hernani*, old friend of our schooldays. I couldn't resist glancing at the page. The line I saw was a speech of Don Carlos; and I reflected how painfully appropriate it would be for a publisher:—

J'ai laissé tomber ce titre. Ramassez!

WHO READS WHAT?

A humane and warm-hearted little book by Charles H. Compton, president of the American Library Association, was published during the Christmas scramble and may not have received the wide attention it deserves. It is called *Who Reads What?* and published by the H. W. Wilson Company, New York. It will administer a wholesome shock to those who suppose that the reading of good books is done mostly by the leisured and "cultivated" classes.

Mr. Compton studied the application statistics of adult readers in the St. Louis Public Library, and followed these up by personal correspondence with borrowers. He chose for analysis the circulation of his own favorite authors: Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, Carl Sandburg, Bernard Shaw, William James, and the Greek Classics (in translation). He learned some interesting things. Among 700 recent borrowers of Thomas Hardy he discovered more stenographers and sales clerks than either librarians or teachers.

Among his data none is more encouraging than the classification of these Hardy readers. There were 91 stenographers, 25 bookkeepers, 6 wives of auto mechanics, 96 sales clerks, 8 architects and draughtsmen, 6 engineers, 4 contractors, 2 carpenters, 3 beauty parlor attendants, 4 dressmakers, 4 milliners, 4 tailors, 2 cooks, 3 Pullman porters, 9 phone girls, 5 waiters, 2 night watchmen, 2 janitors, 1 policeman, 12 chauffeurs and street-car conductors. The "professional" classes rated relatively low: only 3 ministers, 4 lawyers, 2 doctors, 1 dentist. There were 7 "social workers," 26 librarians, 78 teachers; but Mr. Compton fears that many of the teachers were required to read Hardy by classroom necessity.

In the same way Mr. Compton breaks up the readers of his other authors into their employment divisions. Among 3289 Mark Twain borrowers he found 1268 students, 482 office workers, 214 factory workers, 175 sales clerks, 102 teachers, 48 day laborers, 18 housemaids, 37 carpenters, 13 bankers, 12 barbers, 65 auto dealers or mechanics, 34 electricians, 22 doctors, 317 unemployed. Oddly enough, only 1 river pilot.

He describes most amusingly an imaginary colony of the library's 431 readers of Bernard Shaw, establishing them on an island and setting them to work at their various trades. He notes that there would be no banker among them. He is also grieved that among 100 readers of William James's philosophies he can find only 1 lawyer.

Among the readers of Euripides he finds a drug clerk, an accountant, a steam fitter, a beauty specialist, a butcher, the wife of a brakeman, a telephone operator, a piano teacher, a newspaper reporter.

Mr. Compton's little book instigates thought. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's charming introduction remarks upon "the blankness of our ignorance about what happens to books after they are published and sold." I wish that all students of print might read the letters Mr. Compton quotes, written to him by the readers he questioned about their borrowings. The wife of a Y. M. C. A. secretary said, apropos Shaw, "His attitude toward America seems too superior to be healthy." The same is certainly true of most publishers, reviewers, and booksellers, toward the Unknown Reader.

Writing about Carl Sandburg's poetry, a 14-year-old high school girl said "I don't know whether it will live—but it shall live in me." Which incidentally touches off Mr. Compton's own excellent definition of poetry: "That form of literary expression which in the fewest words can affect man most profoundly."

Which reminds me of a definition once offered by Robert Frost: "words that have become deeds."

Another suggestion by Mr. Frost was: "A poem begins with a lump in the throat; a home-sickness or a love-sickness. It is a reaching-out toward expression; an effort to find fulfilment. A complete poem is one where an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found its words."

And that again reminds me that Mr. Frost when last in this office spoke of going to Florida and asked about regions desirable for visit. The Green remarked that the neighborhood of Tampa had always allured it because there the Gun Club in Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon* buried its enormous cannon. Mr. Frost admitted not having read any Jules Verne since boyhood, so we gave him an omnibus volume as vacation companion; and eagerly hope for his report.

I have written here, at tedious length, of some fairly distant travels. But there are just as many adventures close at hand. Nothing this winter has pleased me more than discovering a house in Munsey Park, L. I., with a very pretty sun-dial over the door. Munsey Park is one of those very modern colonies where architects have had fun. The charm to me of this sun-dial is that it is on the North side of the house where it cannot possibly ever get any sun.

Going upstairs from the Long Island Station to the subway platform I was knocking out my pipe against the wall. I did so, unconsciously, in a rapid tattoo, and the tiled passage magnified the sound. A swarthy little Mediterranian ahead of me turned quickly, his face quite green with fright. "My God, buddy," he said, "I thought it was a machine-gun."

A visitor from London, travelling to Boston for the first time, saw the signs *Codfish Cakes in Cans—Ready to Heat*. "I felt at home right away," he says. "It sounds so delightfully cockney."

On the flat Long Island plain, between East Williston and Mineola, is a machine shop whose name always gives me a pleasant surprise—ASCUTNEY IRON WORKS. Was it christened by someone homesick for the great hills of Vermont?—Driving through Cedarhurst one day I saw a little commercial car that would have pleased Mr. Gissing: CANINE CATERING CO.—And what lover of the road can pass unmoved by that great yard full of Pullman cars in Long Island City. Is it not queer to think of so much radiating mileage momentarily condensed, leashed in, at one spot? I imagine the all-night rumble of those cars on their long journeys, the little bed-lamps, the green curtains, the coat-hangers, the secret contortions, the porter asleep on the washroom settee. I happened to be reading Hazlitt, a great lover of journeys, as the train passed those Pullman sidings. How it would have interested him.—Nor can I think of anything in New York that pleases me more than the electric sign of the running greyhound, galloping in flexures of blue light, over the Midtown Bus Terminal.

Looking up something in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* I happened upon his article on *Rivers*. It reminded me that even the greatest can rarely escape from their dominating obsessions. (Perhaps that's why they're the greatest.) For this is how Voltaire begins his description:—

"The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error."

Looking over some old Bowling Greens I notice that seven years ago we were remarking that Jo Davidson's fine statue of Walt Whitman was still waiting for an appropriate site in New York City. That is still true. Now that they're talking of removing the meaningless Civic Virtue, how about Walt as his successor? That was also an excellent idea of Commissioner Moses that the statue, which represents the outdoor Walt ("afoot and lighthearted I take to the open road") might form a feature of the new Long Island Parkway.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Salvation by Economics

(*Continued from first page*)

J. M. Clark, is a privilege reserved, I suppose, only for converts.

That the present crisis is unique in its severity, no student can deny. Its age is, however, open to dispute. War and depression notwithstanding, the Western world has today a general standard of living higher than that which existed in 1914. But Strachey is not interested in the past; he is interested in the future. His concern with the world to come upsets him greatly, for he fears that the existing economic impasse will continue; furthermore, he is convinced that capitalist economic theory cannot suggest any method of escape. Worse still, the majority of capitalist economists do not even study the problem of crises. The economists are impotent; the main corpus of capitalist economic theory is irrelevant.

The major portion of the book is devoted to proving these two contentions. In the early chapters, Strachey makes short work of the heterodox economists, *i. e.*, Major Douglas, J. A. Hobson, Irving Fisher, who believe that technical changes in credit, savings, or money are a cure-all for capitalistic crises. He permits these optimists to be jettisoned by their own crew, the more able and subtle capitalist economists. He reserves his own ammunition for the redoubtable Dr. Hayek.

Now every economist, orthodox, heterodox, and Marxian, is agreed that a depression is characterized by a very low rate of profits and that the cure for a depression is to raise this rate. Profits are differentials between costs and prices. These heterodox "money doctors" aimed to secure a rise in profits by raising prices. Dr. Hayek is not so naive, for he knows that any attempt to force a rise in prices must of necessity be fatal. Both Strachey and Hayek are firmly convinced that the doom of the New Deal is sealed in its inflationary activities. Strachey has very definite opinions about the American "Brain Trust," which he calls "the least profound body of thinkers to whom the destiny of a continent was ever entrusted." If inflation cannot succeed, then deflation must be the cure. True, this is what Dr. Hayek suggests: costs must be reduced. But here Strachey parts company with the learned Doctor. He points out that wages are costs; hence to reduce costs is to reduce wages. However, wages are also purchasing power; if they are reduced, purchasing power is reduced. Prices will therefore fall. But if prices fall when costs are falling, profits cannot appear. The depression must continue.

This is in substance the dilemma of profits and plenty. In short, it is the dilemma of capitalism. Surely, Strachey is right—capitalist theory is irrelevant, capitalist economists are impotent. No, not quite. He has oversimplified. Wages are costs, but not *all* costs are wages: wages are purchasing power, but *all* purchasing power is more than wages. If a differential could be established between costs and purchasing power, profits would appear. However, Strachey implicitly suspects—in fact his suspicions are much better than his analyses—that if a depression is long and serious it is impossible to secure a sufficiently large differential by deflation. If Hayek had started to cut in 1932, he might have ended by cutting us all in pieces. This fear led President Roosevelt to eschew deflation. But Strachey has not given Dr. Hayek the benefit of a very important doubt. If costs were radically reduced it would be considerably easier for new purchasing power to make itself felt. In the past, this has been the usual escape from a depression. In fact, it was Karl Marx who illustrated in detail how the exploitation of new markets and new resources helped to restore the rate of profit.

Of course, Strachey knows all about the Marxian explanation of business cycles. The middle sections of his book are devoted to an analysis of this, according to Strachey, the one true explanation. For several lengthy chapters he forces the reader to struggle with an exposition of the important Marxian categories. Not only does he explain them, he also defends them. In particular, he attempts to answer

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Boehm-Bawerk's criticism that Marx's labor theory value failed to explain the relation of costs (labor time) to prices. A serious charge, so serious in fact that Strachey maintains that the whole gigantic construction of Marx would collapse if the charge were substantiated. Unfortunately, Strachey cannot refute it. To state, as he does, that the labor theory of value explains the whole of production (sic!), is to explain nothing. The point at issue is to explain prices. Prices are always ratios, never aggregates. But this time Strachey fails to give Marx the benefit of the doubt. All the contradictions in the world could not really diminish the intellectual stature of the author of the "Communist Manifesto."

The concluding chapters of the "Capitalist Crisis" suggest why Strachey pleads so insistently that capitalist economic theory is impotent and Marxian theory vital. Strachey is not interested in theories except as they can be used to influence actions. He sees clearly that capitalist economics is basically amoral; Marxian economics, despite its protestations of objectivity, is steeped in moral values. No theory can foretell the future; but theory can influence the future. If it be true that capitalist economic theory cannot even *think* its way out of the present impasse, it is very improbable that capitalism will *work* its way out. Marxian economics has a much easier task. It need only prove that capitalist theory and capitalist society have run themselves into a *cul de sac*. Strachey is convinced that Marx has proven that they are caught.

Perhaps he has, perhaps not. Time is of the essence of the problem. Eighty-seven years have passed since Marx first exhorted the workingmen of the world to unite and aid in hastening the death of capitalism. Yet, capitalism lives. Moreover, it was none other than Karl Marx who explained why it might continue to live for many years. Dr. Hayek is saved, at least for a time, if factors of expansion help to take up the slack of unemployed men and unemployed capital. Marx showed how the exploitation of new countries, the development of new industries, can help to sustain the system. Strachey knows and fears that Marx was right. However, he is convinced that Marx's eventual prophecy of doom is also right. The end can only be delayed; the rigor *mortis* made more horrible.

Imperialistic wars, fascist dictatorships can come between a dying capitalism and a nascent communism. Strachey hoped that his review of capitalist economics would prove that the factors of expansion were at an end; the impasse was permanent. Of course, he learned nothing from this study for the simple reason that capitalist economics never studied the problems of expansion. Marxian economics did deal with these problems but unfortunately it could not reveal whether the expansion was exhausted.

Strachey prides himself that he is a student of Marx; assuredly, he is not a student of Marxism. Only the other day, Joseph Stalin explained to Mr. Wells something of the relation between ideas and actions. The acknowledged leader of the Marxians stated that "Education is a weapon the effect of which is determined by the hands which wield it, by who is struck down." To write about the inevitability of revolutions is one thing; to have one's writings used for the making of inevitable revolutions is another; to make the inevitable revolutions is still another task.

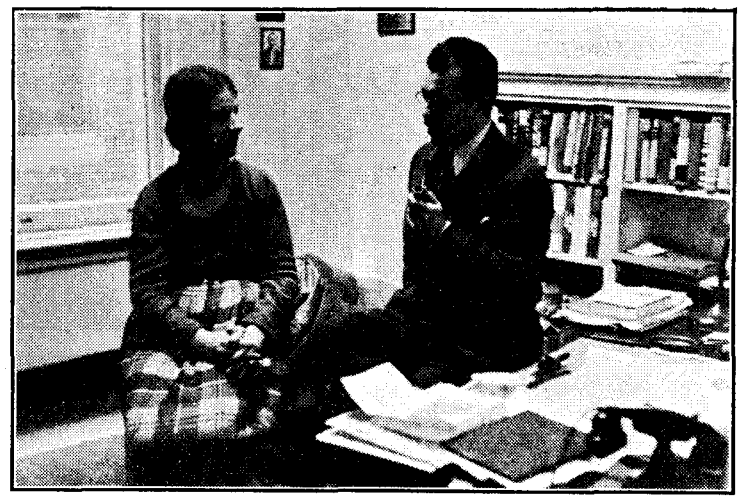
Theories are not without influence on the real world; upon occasion, they can be most influential. At the present time, capitalist theory is significant; so is Marxian theory. Yet, capitalist theory is of no value for the making of revolutions; Marxian theory is extremely valuable. So far, Strachey's analysis is sound. But he goes further. Strachey searches for the *true* theory, for he believes that in truth there is might. Yes, might there is for the student of truth, not for the engineer of revolutions. Some men play with ideas; others with bullets; still others with ideas and bullets. Truth and revolutions do not mix.

Eli Ginzberg is the author of "The House of Adam Smith," a study which has been highly praised by economists.

Personal Appearances

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

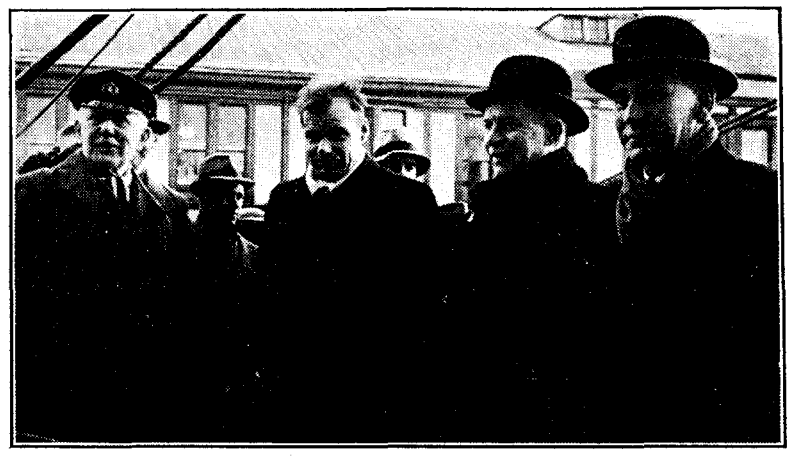
Five million words are in the box of manuscript which Thomas Wolfe keeps in his Brooklyn apartment. This is the matrix of his new novel, "Of Time and the River" (almost 500,000 words, or ten per cent of the available MS) which will be published next week. Mr. Wolfe reads a page while the camera clicks.



Naomi Mitchison, who writes modern novels of ancient life, and Maxim Lieber, literary agent. Mrs. Mitchison is touring the U. S. . . . Drinking tomato juice below is Dr. A. J. Cronin, arrived from Scotland for a U. S. visit. Drinking tea is Honoré W. Morrow.

Three views of Julian Huxley on a recent visit to the Saturday Review *offices. . . . On his return to England, Mr. Huxley will assume the direction of the London zoo.*

Below: Paul Horgan, 1933 Harper Prize winner, with his sister, dedicatee of his new novel, "No Quarter Given."



Alan Villiers brings his ship the Joseph Conrad *to New York. From left, Bruce Rogers, Mr. Villiers, Sir Gerald Campbell (British consul), and Commissioner Dow of Australia.*

(Left) *Juliet Lit Stern gives a party for old* St. Nicholas *contributors. Seated, Mrs. Stern, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Mrs. Everett Dean Martin. Standing, Tony Sarg, C. G. Sherlock (new* St. Nicholas *editor), John Martin, Burton Rascoe, Eric Berry, Margaret Widdemer, William Rose Benét, Fannie Hurst, Robert Garland. . . . (Right) Stefan Zweig gives his only New York interview.*

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Advice to Unborn Novelists

(*Continued from page* 514)

original sin, not under the doom of salvation. Go out and be born among gypsies or thieves or among happy workaday people who live in the sun and do not think about their souls.

My books have been called foreign not only in their material, but in their very speech. People say they are written in a style like that of the Bible. I hear Stark Young has been so kind as to disprove that, though I have not seen what he said or how he did it. But he is right. The style is not biblical, it is Chinese. For of course when I wrote in China of Chinese things about Chinese, I used the Chinese tongue.

This brings me to another piece of advice. Never, small unborn novelist, learn first to speak in a language which is not your own. For I made that great mistake. After outgrowing the market basket, I naturally learned to talk, and I talked Chinese. The first curls of my tongue and lips were made about Chinese vowels and consonants, and my first sentences were in Chinese idioms. The consequence is that when I am writing about Chinese people the story spins itself in my mind entirely in Chinese, and I literally translate it as I go. The phrases for which I am praised or blamed are idiomatic Chinese phrases, and I do not even know many times whether they are good English. I know that so long as I live I shall have difficulty with prepositions, because the Chinese language has very few, and English is simply prickly with them. Why do we say settle up, settle down, settle in, settle to, settle with, settle for, and yet the one verb to settle, really settles nothing? Birth alone can settle it. I advise the unborn novelist, therefore, to begin to speak in the language in which he intends to write. This is by the way, although it is very important.

For what I really want to say is that the unborn novelist must not think that merely *being* in a place all his life is going to make him welcome there. Quite the reverse. In the first place, a great many Chinese do not like white parents or missionary parents, and in the second place they won't appreciate what he writes about them even if he writes what he thinks the truth. One of the isolating factors of my own experience has been that some of the morbidly sensitive modern Chinese, especially those abroad in foreign countries, have not liked it that I have written of the everyday life of their people. In all justice to them, I must say that this attitude has changed in the last two years very much, so that I have very ardent friends among them, but certainly "The Good Earth" at first displeased many Chinese in the United States. In China itself it was accepted without dislike, except that it was a foreigner who wrote it. It was often said there, "It is a book which the Chinese should have written." But among the Chinese in my own country, who felt they had the honor of their country to uphold, it made distress. They had to deny it, to criticise it, to struggle against it. This also was as astonishing to me as the letter from the Fundamentalist board member. Apparently, with the simplest purpose in the world, namely, to write novels, surely a harmless necessity for a novelist, I was able to infuriate an astonishingly large number of people.

So the point I am trying to make to the unborn novelist is, if he is to lead a comfortable life, that he belong somewhere, and that he write about his own. Yet I begin to have premonitions that there is no real comfort anywhere for the novelist. I call to mind now two reviews I have read in the last few days of a recent book, unfortunately mine, in which the endeavor was made to portray very briefly through the eyes of a reticent Chinese student four or five Americans. I thought them interesting and likable people,—a landlady, very good-natured although overweight as many landladies seem to be the world over, a dreaming, sensitive, religious-minded professor and his kindly Christian wife, and their daughter, a keen, intelligent, rather moody young librarian in a university. But the reviewer says with great indignation, "At least the author might have chosen the best types to represent out of her own country." It is the old familiar accusation, "Why don't you use your writing for the glory of Jesus Christ, for the glory of China, for the glory of America"—always some glory or other! The one inexorable answer of any novelist who at least desires above all else to be a true artist as far as he is able, is that he will not use any little ability he has for the glory of any religion or any cause or any country or any people or anything. He will let his writing flower as it will, and his only cause be humanity, whatever its color or creed, whether it be good or evil. He will portray human beings only as he sees them. His sight may be partial or it may be warped or it may be defective in many ways, because he also is no more than human, but if he be artist he will still write only what he really sees and knows, as he sees it. He cannot follow any other sight or hearsay, nor will he tolerate the guidance of a cause, however Christian, righteous, moral, or communist it may be.

It may be then that all my advice to the unborn novelist is worthless. The truth is that he will never quite belong in the world, however carefully he chooses his native land. For it is not true that he is only human—he is always a little fey—a little just off the human. He will live much of his life bemused by his companions, his actual flesh and blood companions who are always more to him than mere flesh and blood, and besides them, he will have all the people whom he shapes from them, his book people, his real people. And because he lives in two worlds and never quite in either, is never quite upon this planet, and yet can never get wholly away from it, he will never know how to answer the questions people will surely ask him about his books—strange, definite, hard questions.

They will ask him, "Do you take your characters from life?" How can he answer? He knows what they mean. They mean, "Did you lift such and such a character from an actual setting? Is it Mrs. This, or is it Dr. That?" Well, of course, it is not either. It is not an actual person, for how could an actual person fit into the covers of a book? The book is not a continent, not a definite geographical measure, it cannot contain so huge a thing as an actual full-size person. Any person has to be scaled by eliminations to fit the book world. Of course, it is true that many of his characters do come from ideas given him by factual people, slight pictures he sees as he passes. The way a woman leans her head upon her hand habitually may suggest to him some other woman of his own mind, and he may clothe that dream woman with the same eyes and hair, and bestow upon her certain gestures and ways that are that factual woman's also. But he never, I think, exactly reproduces any character or any situation. His own imagination, his own emotions, the peculiar need of the situation in his book, shape and remold and inform all he takes from the actual world about him. It is true that even his imagined people, however, must have their start in actual life, because the novelist cannot imagine life quite without actuality as one cannot imagine music who has never heard a note of music.

What is real, anyway? Not what happens outside a person. I have spent my life in the midst of the most foolishly extraordinary external circumstances. I have seen the crude happenings of nature in famine and flood, and I have seen the crude happenings of men in wars and conflicts and oppressions. I have made long journeys in sedan chairs and in oxcarts and on horseback and in airplanes. But there is nothing intrinsically interesting in such things except as they happen to some person. It is only what happens inside a person that is really drama and really exciting. It brings one back to the old question of whether there can be a noise if there is no one to hear it. Does anything happen if it does not happen to someone? The novelist at least must believe that it does not.

And this little novelist must be born with one thing more. He must have a stout heart. He cannot be afraid of anyone. He cannot care for what anyone thinks. He must care for everyone, because every human being has for him especial interest. A novelist above all men must like people, and yet he must not let any human being shape his course or direct his art. He must let no approbation deceive him, nor any criticism dishearten him. Above all, he must seek to please no one. Not even the critics? Not even the critics!

For let no simple minded, newly born novelist think that with the publishing of his book his trouble is ended. There is

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If you would know the facts which must underlie any consideration of America's economic life—if you would know the philosophic basis of the modern state—two recent books will be revealing to you.

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Harold J. Laski has been for years a leader of progressive thought in England and a member of the Labour Party "Brains Trust." *The State in Theory and Practice* ($3.00) is a scholarly, challenging presentation of Mr. Laski's views on the state and its future. He contends that the power of the state rests, in the last analysis, on coercion, and he shows how and why that coercive power is wielded in favor of those who control the instruments of production. He makes clear how, when the unpropertied feel that they are receiving *less than the productive system is capable of giving them,* conflict is inevitable. Finally, he shows, by reference to recent historical events, what steps industrialists take in attempting to postpone or avoid that conflict. *The State in Theory and Practice* suggests the dangerous future which confronts modern society and indicates a rational way of preparing for it.

THE CHART OF PLENTY

THE STATE IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

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that horrible day of publication, which is really for him a day of judgment, when the critics in the newspapers sharpen their carving knives and leap upon their prey, determined to send him to heaven or to hell. I do not know how to advise this young novelist, how to prepare him against that dreadful day. Let me go back into my own experience and see what in my former life has helped me most to endure the literary critics serenely.

For it was a matter of some astonishment to me that even at first I did not mind them as much, apparently, as first novelists usually do. That very first day when a kind friend came in with a crumpled newspaper in her hand and said with a preparatory, consolatory air, "Now you must not think they all feel as this one does—remember he is very young—and his reviews are very much based on his personal prejudices," and all those things which kind friends do say to a novelist when a critic has given the beloved book a bad review. Well, I braced myself, and read the review, and it was very unfavorable. But somehow, I did not mind. It seemed as though I had heard it all before—all the accusations and denunciations, all the reiterating of a violent personal creed, to which I had no objection, but with which I did not agree—for myself.

Well, the point of it is that I must advise the little unborn novelist when his first book is published and his second and his third and to his twentieth and even to the end, that he must not allow himself to be cast down by critics patterned into creeds of varying political religions, any more than he must allow himself to be weakened by fulsome praise of critics too loose and too little discerning, so that by their over-praise he relaxes his own high standard, which is to know what he wants to do, and do it to the height of his ability, and let the result stand.

The truth is, of course, that amazingly few literary critics are able to obey that simple basic rule of all criticism, to ask what does this novelist want to do, and has he done it? The critic has no right to say, "I don't like this book because I don't agree with the author's point of view or his choice of people—in other words, I don't like his theology because it is not mine. I believe in immersion and he doesn't, and he's wrong." What have we Americans done to ourselves to become so imbued with religious intolerance that it saturates all our life? It's the old witch burning business, it's the hateful lynching business, it's the old foolishness of setting ourselves up to the rest of the world as God. Let any man be judged, assuredly, by whether he succeeds or fails in what he has set himself to do, but that is the only standard by which he can be fairly measured.

It may very well be that the little novelist decides after all this that it is better not to be born a novelist at all, and he had better be born something else. My final advice to him, then, is that if he can bear to be born something else, he had better be. But if, like some of his fellows, he had rather never live than not be a novelist and a teller of tales, then let him come with the stoutest joy, for the heartiest life in the world awaits him. He will suffer ten times as much as anyone else, because he will be born cruelly sensitive to every impact upon him, to the touch of every person, of everything, of every happening. He will suffer a hundred times to another's once, because he suffers not only through the medium of his own one life, but through the lives of every person he creates. He will see ugliness beyond his endurance, because he cannot help seeing everything. To feel—to see—are his nature, even as it is his nature to create. But he will see beauty, too, as none other can see it. He will feel joy as none other can feel it, love will be to him a radiance greater than the sun, and appreciation will find him somehow if he does his work to his honest best and it will be sweeter than honey to him. If his every sense is heightened to an agony of perception, it is justly heightened, and joy is acute, too. And his will be that acutest joy of all, that rare, strange, secret, inexplicable ecstasy of joy, the joy of a god who one day took earth into his hand and created a man and a woman, and saw them live.

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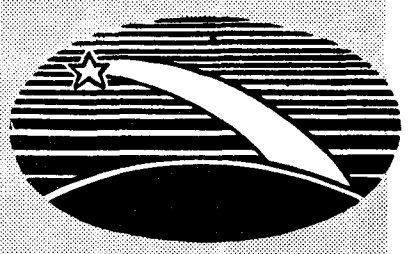

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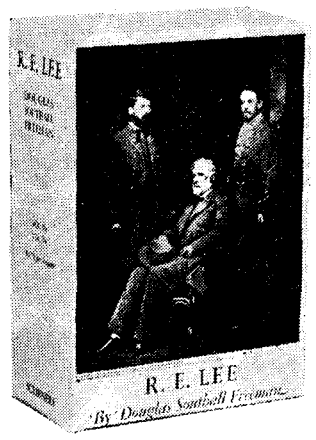

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The Marxian Philosophy

THE MEANING OF MARX: A SYMPOSIUM. By Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Morris Cohen, Sidney Hook, Sherwood Eddy. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $1.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

UPON a book entitled "The Secret of Hegel," by an eminent English scholar, a reviewer passed sentence as follows: "Mr. Stirling has written a book on the secret of Hegel, and he has kept it very successfully in several hundred large octavo pages." The teachings of Marx, in their purely philosophical aspect, stem from those of Hegel; accordingly, on hearing of a book on "The Meaning of Marx," the fear arises that it may lie open to the judgment which the English reviewer passed on Mr. Stirling's treatise. But the fear proves to be unfounded. One part of that judgment is obviously inapplicable, for we have here not a bulky treatise but a little book of 144 pages; and it may at once be added that, although the book is small, and although of its space not more than perhaps one fourth is devoted to Marx's philosophy, it succeeds in giving the reader some understanding of that philosophy. To have done so much as this, in a brief space, is a meritorious achievement; and if the writers have not made Marx's philosophy more fully intelligible to the rude Anglo-Saxon mind, the fault, dear reader, is not in themselves but in their Marx. At least such is the opinion of the present reviewer; and by the same token he feels absolved from undertaking to condense into a few words the gist of Mr. Eddy's or Mr. Hook's condensation of the Marxian philosophy.

The major part of the book is concerned not so much with Marx's basic philosophy as with his practical conclusions. Every one of the five writers dissents vigorously from Marx as to some of the most important of these practical conclusions; but, broadly speaking, Hook and Eddy are reverent Marxians, while Russell, Dewey, and Cohen are not. The contributions of the last three are grouped under the heading, "Why I am not a Communist"; but their non-communism consists chiefly in objections to the specific type of communism embodied in the existing regime of Soviet Russia, to the cast-iron Marxian theory of class conflict and its ignoring of the role of individuality in human life, and to the attainment of communism by violent revolution. On all these points, both Professor Dewey and Professor Cohen present their case with great force. Bertrand Russell's very short paper is too offhand to be impressive.

As to the two Marxians, a few words concerning their dissent or deviation from Marx are all that it is here possible to say. To a non-Marxian like the present writer, it is a satisfaction to find in Mr. Eddy's paper such outgivings as these:

> I do not for a moment believe that labor-power is the sole source or measure of value. (p. 39.)
>
> Is it any wonder that in spite of its ponderous economic theory, despite its glaring defects and inconsistencies, the burning heart of the message of Marx has gone straight to the heart of labor in many lands?

of which the second goes far toward pricking the bubble of Marx's prestige as an economist. And Mr. Hook, after quoting Marx's definition of historical materialism as the belief that "the mode of production in material life conditions the general character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life," proceeds to say that "the extent to which this conditioning goes is an empirical matter," and therefore a matter of degree on which "different historical materialists have different theories." This takes the starch pretty completely out of that cardinal Marxian doctrine; we can all be historical materialists on these terms.

But though observations like these are pleasing to a non-Marxian reviewer, he cannot forbear to remark upon the absence, in the whole book, of anything like a candid acknowledgment of the simple fact that under the individualist regime capitalists and entrepreneurs perform an essential function in the process of production, and that therefore their appropriation of part of the result of that process is not the sheer robbery which Marx's economic theory makes of it.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

MOUNT PEACOCK, OR PROGRESS IN PROVENCE. By Marie Mauron. Translated by F. L. Lucas. Macmillan. 1935. $1.75.

Into a tideless backwater of Provence, Mme. Mauron transports us from a world that is too much with us, and lets us rub minds and elbows with the local characters, encouraging us the while to smile gently at their provincial independence and sturdy resistance to the march of progress. The experience is enjoyable, but of no literary importance. We have long been familiar with this type of genre painting and this type of humor, whether the subjects are rooted in New England, Italy, or France. After our first introduction, we are at home in Mont-Paon. Once we have learned that Mont-Paon believes in the status quo, everything that we learn subsequently is but a variation on a single theme. In this village of the Midi, governmental red tape and official incursions, no matter what form they take, encounter the same passive resistance, the same unyielding characters. (For the sake of entertainment, the characters are too constant.) And, in the course of the record, written by the Schoolmistress - and - Mayor's-Secretary, we see the bureaucracy of France stalemated on various fronts. Of course, there is the party of progress, dreaming of a village lit by no less than four electric lights; but even the progressives cannot sacrifice an ancient freedom for the sake of realizing their glorious ideal. Something of Daudet's humor, without Daudet's vigor,—that seems a fair verdict on this little volume. And it would be less than fair to ignore the excellence of Mr. Lucas's English version.

B. R. R.

Drama

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. By Lillian Hellman. Knopf. 1934. $2.

Twenty or thirty years ago Miss Hellman's play, enthusiastically received in New York, would doubtless have been stopped by the police. As it is both engrossing drama and a serious and sincere study of abnormal psychology, this change may imply a certain progress in the public's discernment.

The piece shows the tragic effects on two young women school-teachers of poisonous gossip spread by a pestiferous little pupil—one of those "problem" children who can so disrupt the life of a boarding-school that prudent head-mistresses decline to admit them if they know the facts. The two young women, who have built up their school by years of patient work and self-sacrifice, are forced to close it, and although they are objectively innocent, one of the friends loses her fiancé, while the other, confessing that she has "felt that way" all along, finally kills herself.

There is an inherent difficulty in the double-headed nature of Miss Hellman's theme which is not successfully surmounted on the stage, although somewhat less apparent in the script. For two of the three acts, the spectator's interest is so centered on the schoolgirls themselves, and in particular the part of the pestiferous little girl — extraordinarily well played in the New York production—that the last act, which consists of retrospective moaning and moralizing, six months later, by the unfortunate teachers, comes as a decided anti-climax. Hiss Hellman feels the need, evidently, of showing the tragic results of the child's unfounded accusations, but has not been able to do this without slowing up and clogging action which, up until the end of the second act, marches straight ahead. The play is not for children but is decidedly a contribution to the adult theatre.

Fiction

THE ROYAL WAY. By André Malraux. Smith & Haas. 1935. $2.50.

This is an earlier book by the author of that powerful and tragic study of the effect of revolution upon men's souls, "Man's Fate," which was much discussed here last year. "The Royal Way" is disappointing. Ostensibly a narrative of men in love (and morbidly in love) with death, its plot overshadows its philosophy. Claude, the hero, is a predatory archeologist determined to make his fortune by stealing sculpture from old temples on the king's way that leads up from the French colonies toward Siam. His adventurous expedition is involved with a strange and desperate soldier of fortune who has organized the wild inner tribes for his own purposes. And together they move through a story which externally is second-rate Kipling, and internally a tension of mysticism, eroticism, and abnormal psychology. Thus a book that is neither good tropic sensationalism nor significant psychology, but a corruption of both.

H. S. C.

LIONS STARVE IN NAPLES. By Johan Fabricius. Translated from the German by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.

This is a modern fable, and its author, Johan Fabricius, has not a little of the whimsical wisdom of an Æsop. With romantic Naples for a setting and the bankruptcy of a German circus for a plot, this Dutch novelist has made a fantastic and endearing caricature of contemporary vicissitudes. Here is a book that should amuse tired business men, disarm serious-minded critics, and, in fact, please everyone.

The story centres upon three very different but, at moments, equally pathetic figures: the magnificent Director Storm with his jewelled spats and his Mercedes automobile; the herculean and saturnine lion-tamer Saul with the sixty lions whom he loves and whips; and a little Neapolitan lawyer with his straw hat and secret ambitions. But it is the ludicrous horde of creditors, the strange and naive troupe of circus "artistes," and the hysterical population of Naples that supply the tale's peculiar, flavorsome humor. As for the lions, they disturb the Neapolitans and the reader alike with their hungry roars.

Like the fixed smile on the face of the clown, the humor of this fable has its un-

(*Continued on page* 525)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
EAST RIVER *Borden Chase* (T. Y. Crowell Co.: $2)	Novel	Sand-hogs, the under-pressure laborers driving an underwater tunnel, swagger and sweat through a yarn now screened with McLaglen, Lowe, & Bickford.	He-man
TEXAS SPURS *Charles Ballew* (Loring & Mussey: $2.)	Western	Typical hoss 'n' gun epic.	Average
THAN THIS WORLD DREAMS OF *Ruby M. Ayres* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love Story	Young clergyman sets tongues wagging when Norah and her invalid sister are discovered in residence at the parsonage.	Sugar
OUTLAW JUSTICE *Leigh Carter* (Covici-Friede: $2.)	Western	Johnny becomes wroth when the villains killed the tenderfoot boss he'd grown fond of. One by one he wipes 'em out.	Good
THE KINDLY GODS *Eileen Dwyer* (Macaulay: $2.)	Novel	Personable young Mexican's blood-stream wars with his European education.	Hollywood
DARK CANYON *River & Weed* (Stokes: $2.)	Novel	Good open-spacer in which action is centered around the construction of a huge dam—presumably the Boulder.	OK

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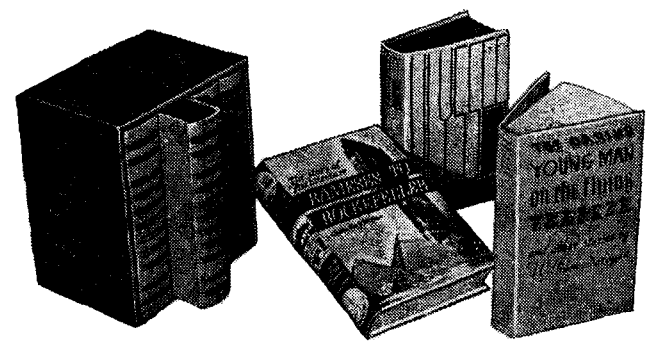

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

THE BALKAN STATES

L. C. C. of Montclair, N. J., *writes in behalf of a club of thirty-six women who take an afternoon every two weeks for the study of some topic of interest. The club has chosen for its next season the subject of the Balkan States, and wishes aid in the preparation of its program.*

I NEVER see the Balkan States alluded to but I think of Kipling's correspondent in THE LIGHT THAT FAILED who with the persistence of a Cato declaring that Carthage must be destroyed reiterated his belief that there would be trouble in the Balkans. All conversational roads for him led to that statement. Well, there has been trouble in the Balkans that set the world afire since Kipling penned his novel, and the nations still sit on tenterhooks every time some fresh disturbance blows up from that quarter. By way of getting a general survey of the region and its problems before proceeding to the individual countries which constitute it, the club might read THE NEW BALKANS (Harpers), an excellent and highly informative book by Hamilton Armstrong, editor of *Foreign Affairs,* and in order to familiarize itself with its earlier annals it would do well to read Ferdinand Schevill's A HISTORY OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA (Harcourt, Brace), a work as interesting as it is authoritative. Having thus broken the ground, it could take up the Balkan countries one by one. For the older Turkey it would find illuminating, if it can get hold of the book from some library (it is out of print, I believe), H. G. Dwight's CONSTANTINOPLE SETTINGS AND TRAITS (Harpers), and for the more recent period Halidah Adib's TURKEY FACES WEST (Yale University Press). They would find interesting, too, Demetra Vaka's HAREMLIK, pages from the life of Turkish women, and UNVEILED LADIES OF STAMBOUL (both Houghton Mifflin). No country among the Balkans can furnish excuse for more fascinating reading than Serbia with Michael Pupin's FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR (Scribners) and Louis Adamic's THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Harpers) to fall back on. As for Rumania, there is J. S. Roucek's CONTEMPORARY ROUMANIA AND HER PROBLEMS (Stanford University Press) and the Princess Marthe Bibesco's charming account of peasant life in Isvor: THE COUNTRY OF WILLOWS (Stokes), and for Albania, PEAKS OF THALA (Harpers), by Rose Wilder Lane. WHERE EAST IS WEST: LIFE IN BULGARIA (Houghton Mifflin), by Henrietta Leslie and TO THE LAND OF THE EAGLE (Dutton), a sympathetic sketch of little Montenegro (this last, alas! out of print), complete the tale of the Balkans.

PUZZLE BOOKS

M. S. of Rochester, N. Y., *wants a list of books for a puzzle enthusiast, and says that the puzzles can be of any kind, and for young and old.*

On pages 89-109 of PARTY GAMES FOR ALL OCCASIONS which I mentioned recently, she will find a section devoted to the sort of thing of which she is in search. She undoubtedly knows of Simon & Schuster's series of Cross Word Puzzle Books—*primus inter pares*—and probably of those issued by the Oxford University Press. Other puzzle books include MODERN PUZZLES AND HOW TO SOLVE THEM (Stokes), by H. E. Dudeney, UNCLE WIGGILY'S PUZZLE BOOK (Burt), by H. R. Garris, THE BIG TRICK AND PUZZLE BOOK (Whitman), by W. P. Keasbey, BRAIN TEASERS (Page), compiled by P. J. Rulon, and DOUBLE-CROSTICS (Simon & Schuster), by Elizabeth S. Kingsley.

AMERICAN MEMORIALS

Mrs. C. A. G., of Marinette, Wis., *wishes information for a paper on Patriotic American Memorials.*

She will find what is probably the most complete list easily available of such memorials in the WORLD ALMANAC, which lists on page 367 of the 1935 volume the national parks and monuments, military parks, and battlefields of the United States. The New York City Public Library issues a pamphlet for five cents listing war memorials, and there is a book that should prove useful, W. J. Hampton's PRESIDENTIAL SHRINES FROM WASHINGTON TO HOOVER (Christopher). MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS OLD AND NEW (Scribners), by L. Weaver, and L. M. Bryant's CHILDREN'S BOOK OF AMERICAN LANDMARKS (Appleton-Century) should both be of assistance to Mrs. C. A. G.

ERRATUM

I hope a sin confessed is half redressed, or else am I indeed in the black books of a correspondent. For in the February ninth issue of the Clearing House I ran off the track completely in replying to a call for help in regard to Thais. At least I have secured now the best of information in the letters correcting my mistake which came in from Professor Preserved Smith of Cornell and Alfred Hamill of Chicago. Mr. Smith writes:

> Thais, the harlot of legend converted to virtue and eventual sanctity by the monk Paphnutius, was an entirely different person from the equally legendary Thais of Alexander. Her story goes back to a respectable antiquity, and is found in the *Acta Sanctorum* for October, vol. iv, pp. 223 ff., in the GOLDEN LEGEND, ed. T. Graesse, pp. 677 ff., and in the VITÆ PATRUM, attributed to St. Jerome, and is mentioned in H. I. Bell: JEWS AND CHRISTIANS IN EGYPT, 1924, pp. 100 ff. It is found in Hrotswitha and in the EXEMPLA of Jacques de Vitry, ed. Crane, pp. 257. Changing the name of Thais to Lucretia, Erasmus used it in one of his COLLOQUIA, on which see my KEY TO THE COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS, 1927, pp. 21 ff. This colloquy proved to be a favorite and was translated into many modern languages, last of all into Welsh (manuscript at Aberystwyth). Later the story was used by Anatole France and many others. On the whole matter see O. R. Kuehne: A STUDY OF THE THAIS LEGEND, 1922.

Mr. Hamill writes:

> In the Feb. 9 issue of the *Saturday Review* I notice the quandary about Thais.
>
> The Thais of Anatole France's novel was not, of course, the most celebrated lady of professional indiscretion of classic story but another "volunteer" whose history is given in THE PARADISE OF THE FATHERS. Wallis Budge translated it from the Syriac in 1907 (Chatto & Windus, London). Paphnutius appears frequently in this work but not so connected with Thais. It is a Bessarion who is accounted as his spiritual mentor. Perhaps other hagiological works will throw more light on this subject for "G. E. P. of Boston." Unconfirmed memory so tells me.

My heartiest thanks to both my correspondents.

The Script of Jonathan Swift

AND OTHER ESSAYS

By

Shane Leslie

A delightful blend of scholarship, wit, and literary curiosa, ranging from identification points of Swift's handwriting to an intimate account of St. Patrick's Purgatory. A chapter on "The Rarest Irish Books" of the 17th century is particularly rich in bibliographical information. Incidental comments give the book a truly Irish charm and persuasiveness.

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To the Editor

(*Continued from page* 516)

letter, Mr. Beals describes as being "housed in the barnlike upper floor of the old city hall on Paseo Colón" is the old National Museum. It was formed, so far as the pre-Spanish collections are concerned, chiefly by Dr. Max Uhle. From 1920 to 1921 I was director of the pre-Spanish section which was then styled The National Museum of Archæology. I rearranged the entire collection in accordance with a scheme both geographically and chronologically clear, and my work was praised not only by President Leguía and many other Peruvians but also by some hundreds of good American gobs who visited the Museum when the united Atlantic and Pacific squadrons of our Navy were in Callao Harbor. During their stay I gave five informal chats to large groups of sailors each day and after each one many of the officers and men came up to me to express their pleasure. I still have the ministerial receipt for the Museum in good order, given me when I left Peru in 1921. In November, 1933 I went back there and found my arrangements, labels, etc., untouched, albeit some of the specimens (including three very fine vases that I had given the Museum) seemed to be absent from the cases where I had put them. At the present time I am working with Dr. Valcárcel in connection with a catalogue of the collection in the old Museum, which collection is now to be installed in The National Museum. Incidentally I may observe that the alleged "stable" in which the old Museum is housed is not "the old city hall." It is the Palacio de la Exposición. The old city hall was in the Plaza Mayor. At the present time the Municipality of Lima is housed temporarily in a part of the lower floor of the Palacio de la Exposición.

2. The Club Nacional has, to my personal knowledge, had a large and well-organized library since 1914, when I began to use it. A few years ago the Club Nacional moved from its old building into a splendid new one where the library was placed in three large, well-equipped rooms.

3. The term "ayullu" (for ayllu) is neither Quechua nor Spanish; it is Beals-lingo. "Tribu" is the Spanish word for tribe.

PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS.

Pomfret, Conn.

The AMEN CORNER

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FIRST-RATE! RARE VOLUME!

Yes, the Oxonian is pleased. The reviewers and the public have awakened with astonished delight to the fact that what is probably *the* short history of the War has really appeared.

"For more than ten years," said Frank Simonds in the columns of this very Review, "I have been looking for a straightforward, concise history of the World War which was, on the one hand, fortified by the necessary evidence which the post-war years have supplied and, on the other, was free from the prejudices inevitable in the contemporaneous reports. The present volume seems to me to satisfy every possible requirement in both respects."

"Its brevity and logic, its accuracy and detachment" are praised by the *United States Naval Institute Proceedings,* which remarks on "the refreshing absence of bias so prevalent in works on this subject." "The author succeeds in presenting a panorama which for unity and totality leaves little to be desired," says the *Chemical Warfare Bulletin.*

The New Republic gave it a place among the "100 Notable Books of 1934."

It is, as you have guessed if you have read it, *A History of the Great War, 1914-1918,* by C. R. M. F. Cruttwell.[1]

Speaking of the War, one of its minor effects was to cause H. W. Fowler, author of the celebrated *Modern English Usage*[2] and co-author of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary,*[3] to write in a letter from the front *plurisy!* The life of this mysterious great man has at last been told by his friend G. G. Coulton in *H. W. Fowler*[4] which the Oxford University Press has just published as No. XLIII in the Tracts of the Society for Pure English and which *Time* calls "a little British masterpiece, a *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* come true."

"Almost too good to be true," says Shane Leslie of the publication of fifty-one letters by Swift, the existence of which none of his editors or biographers would seem to have suspected. Yet there they are in *The Letters of Jonathan Swift to Charles Ford,*[5] just brought out by the Oxford Press. Besides these, the volume includes several Poems by Swift, A Fragment of a Pamphlet, and Letters to Ford from Gay, Pope, Parnell, Bolingbroke, and the Duchess of Ormond. It was Ford who left the anonymous manuscript of *Gulliver's Travels* secretly with the publisher, and his hand supplied for posterity, in a copy of the first *Gulliver,* the passages omitted or altered by the printer. The present volume is beautifully printed, by the way, in an exquisite adaptation of the early eighteenth century style.

Beautiful printing reminds us that we observed Mr. Bruce Rogers the other day in our favorite haunt, the library of the Oxford University Press,[6] conferring about the great *Oxford Lectern Bible*[7] which is to be ready for Easter. To judge from the specimen pages, it seems destined to become one of the two or three great Bibles in the history of printing. By writing to the Oxford Press you can secure a prospectus, but don't be surprised if they make you pay a dollar for it to prove the seriousness of your intentions! You needn't pay, however, for the little prospectus of the *Hesperides Series,* also designed by Mr. Rogers. The two-volume *Poems of Robert Herrick*[8] is out and *Cranford*[9] will soon be ready.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 523)

derlying irony. The auction of the circus means an end to the career of the gorgeous Director; the ultimate purchase of the sixty lions by a preposterous American showman means the prostitution of the lion-tamer's genius; but the downfall of the circus carries the little lawyer into fame and popularity. It can be said that "Lions Starve in Naples" is a slight and relatively unimportant book, yet there is something almost portentous in its oblique and ludicrous shadowing forth of failure and fortune.

D. P.

Brief Mention

Jews in Palestine by A. Revusky (Vanguard, $3.50) is an up-to-date survey of Jewish colonization in its political, economic, and cultural aspects. * * * F. A. Wright has written a popular life of *Alexander the Great* (McBride, $3). * * * An interesting economic-sociological study of the Old Testament presents Bible history from a new point of view. The author is Louis Wallis, the title, *God and the Social Process* (University of Chicago Press, $2). * * * Rexford G. Tugwell and Leon H. Keyserling are editing a series entitled *Redirecting Education.* Volume I is devoted to the United States and consists of studies by four or five authorities on trends, history, social forces, traditions, and objectives in American education. * * * A new and original study of Wesley called *The Rediscovery of John Wesley,* by George Croft Cell (Holt, $2.50), reveals a Wesley "who has introduced an experimental method of reasoning into religion" and shows that Wesley was "a militant foe of mysticism. . . . Wesley was at heart really Calvinistic." * * * *Modern Short Biographies* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), edited by Marston Balch, is a collection drawn from Strachey, Maurois, Nicolson, Woolf, Lucas, and a number of others. * * * The Master Musicians' series, edited by Eric Blom, brings back into circulation again a well known group of biographies of great musicians, revised to date and sometimes rewritten. *Mendelssohn,* by S. Stephen Stratton, *Schubert,* by E. Duncan, *Chopin,* by J. Cuthbert Hadden, and *Schumann,* by Annie W. Patterson (Dutton, $2 each).

Latest Books Received

MEDICINE

Nutrition and Physical Fitness. L. J. Bogert. Saunders. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

Connotary, A, J. G. Pollard. Crowell. $1. *Free Lance Writing for the Magazines.* W. J. Shannon. Nutley, N. J., Moorfield & Shannon. $1.50. *Gardens and Gardening.* Edited by F. A. Mercer. Studio Publications. Paper, $3.50; cloth, $4.50.

PAMPHLETS

Mind, the Maker: The World Theory of the late W. B. Smith. Presented by C. J. Keyser. Yeshiva College: Scripta Mathematica. 35 cents. *Malice in Blunderland.* S. Burt. Scribners. 50 cents

RELIGION

Their Religion. A. J. Russell. Harpers. $2.

REPRINTS

A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland. Macmillan. 90 cents. *Crock of Gold, The,* J. Stephens. Macmillan. 90 cents.

SCIENCE

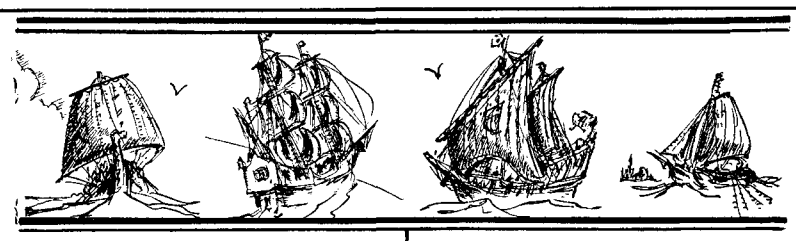
Laboratory Manual for the Chemical Analysis of Water and Sewage. E. F. Eldridge and F. R. Theroux. Ann Arbor, Mich. Edwards Bros. *Unscientific Excursions.* F. W. Jones. Longmans. $2.50.

SOCIOLOGY

The Stranger. M. M. Wood. Columbia Univ. Pr. $4.50.

TRAVEL

Polar Regions, The. Edited by J. M. Scott. Oxford Univ. Press. $2.



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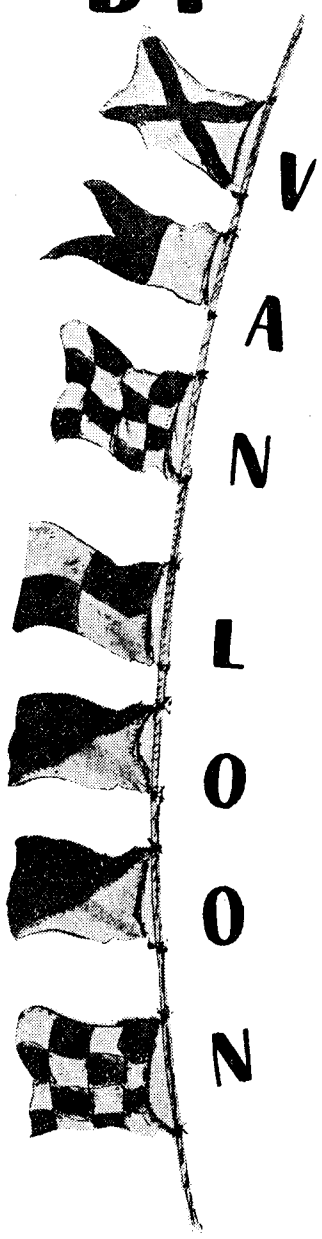

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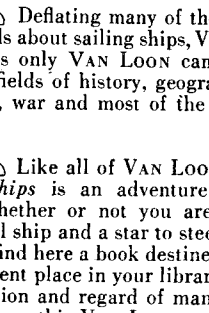

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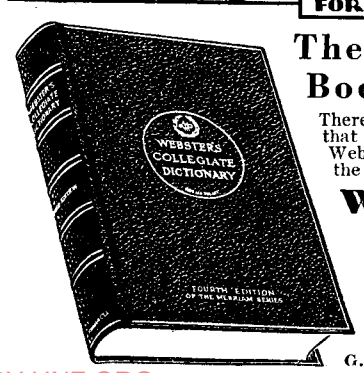

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

The Place of the Period

IN November I commented on the growing carelessness of printers in placing the comma and the period outside of quotation marks—"thus", and I immediately received a long and ardent letter from one of America's leading historical scholars, defending the practice. He not merely defended it, but ventured the prediction that it would become universal practice. The Cambridge University Press, whose work I criticized, also defended it; and recently, in printing a bibliography, one reader got quite excited because I did not throw over the accepted style of nearly five centuries and reverse the order of these periods, commas, and quotation marks.

Here is a minute, but pretty, little problem to vex the minds of printers and scholars. Almost invariably (the exceptions until very recently were almost nonexistent), printers have, with due regard for the appearance of their work, placed the punctuation marks close to the word. The reason is simple—they look better that way. The departures now noticeable are due, I think, to three causes: typed MS is notoriously slovenly, and to the typist the position of punctuation marks, like the use of spaces between initials of proper names, means nothing at all; printers are not in general masters of their own typographic style; and a great number of exact but uncultivated scholars try to reproduce in type what can only be shown correctly by photography.

There are changes coming in this whole matter of printing. The static condition of typesetting as the basis for the printed page during the past centuries will give way in large part to the typewriter and photography. A forthcoming article in the *Yale Review* deals with the subject at length from the point of view of the scholar and his needs; I hope within a short time to write in this column on some of the newer phases of the use of the typewriter and lithographic printing. As the differentiation becomes more marked between fine printing and advertising printing on the one hand and printing for scholars on the other, each perhaps will develop a separate technique—and then the scholars may have their punctuation wherever they want it, even if it is (as it will be) frequently absurdly placed, while the expert printer will be freer to make good looking books. It isn't that the new mode is better, even in scholarly work, but the increasing domination of the precisionist leaves the complaisant printer no option. A new alignment of forces in the production of printed books may not be disadvantageous, but I am afraid that the "new tools for the scholar" are likely to lose in attractiveness as they gain in simplicity and flexibility.

Peter Pauper Products

Some time ago we noted the first of the limited editions issued by the Peter Pauper Press—The Constitution of the United States of America—as an extremely good and cheap book. Three other volumes in the same series have now been issued: Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," Lamb's "Essays," and Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." If not quite up to the first book in style and appearance, they are yet a good two dollars' worth. "A Shropshire Lad" is possibly the best, with its flexible binding, but they are all good value.

Notes

On the two thousandth birth year of Horace, Mr. Stephen Hurlbut has issued from his St. Albans Press his annual Kalendarium, in honor of the Roman poet. It is a collection of poetical tributes to Horace in Latin, English, French, and German. It is a charming addition to Mr. Hurlbut's series of annual calendars.

Mr. Wilmarth S. Lewis has added to his series of Walpolean Miscellaneous Antiquities by having printed by Edmund B. Thompson "Some Short Observations for the Lady Mary Stanhope Concerning the Writing of Ordinary Letters, by Philip, Second Earl of Chesterfield." One hundred copies have been beautifully printed. The "Observations" are reasonably dull, although as perhaps the only authentic letter-writer's manual of the period it has its value, but Mr. Lewis's comments are quite the reverse, and will delight the fortunate possessors of this bibelot.

Mr. August Heckscher has sent out at Christmas the choicest product of the Ashlar Press—"Of the Most Holy Miracle of Saint Francis in Taming the Fierce Wolf of Gubbio," with four decorations by Valenti Angelo. It is a well-nigh perfect little piece of printing—type and decorations harmonizing perfectly, and all in accord with the subject.

The latest issue from Mr. Frank Altschul's Overbrook Press is a stout little quarto edition of George Meredith's "Modern Love." The printing has been well done, though the title-page leaves something to be desired.

Answers to Last Week's Contest

(1) Necessity, mother of invention; (2) Musick hath Charms to sooth a savage breast, *also* Heav'n has no rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd,/Nor Hell a fury, like a Woman scorn'd; (3) Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way; (4) What will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think?; (5) First in war—first in peace—first in the hearts of his countrymen; (6) Absence makes the heart grow fonder, *also* Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,/Long, long ago,—long, long ago; *also* Gaily the Troubadour/Touched his guitar; (7) "We are lost!" the captain shouted,/As he staggered down the stairs; (8) Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever; (9) Heaven is not reached at a single bound; (10) We are the music makers,/And we are the dreamers of dreams; (11) I am dying, Egypt, dying!/Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast; (12) It isn't raining rain to me,/It's raining violets.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE TINKLING SYMBOL *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	One current and four old murders on Cape Cod solved because Asey Mayo watched a black cat.	Gasps in every chapter, delightful dialogue, and a very nice puzzle for Asey and the reader.	Tops
MURDER AT GLEN ATHOL *Norman Lippincott* (Crime Club: $2.)	Modern Messalina and raffish ex-husband slain at house party. Ignoring red herrings, Mr. Holt spots killer.	Interesting carryings-on of decadent group capitally chronicled. Sleuthing good—with unexpected ending.	Good
BROKERS END *Louis F. Booth* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Officials of defunct bond house die one by one until Maxwell Fenner stops massacre.	The N. Y. financial house setting is good, murders are interesting, initial deductions intriguing, but—	*Vin ordinaire*

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Double-Crostics: Number 49

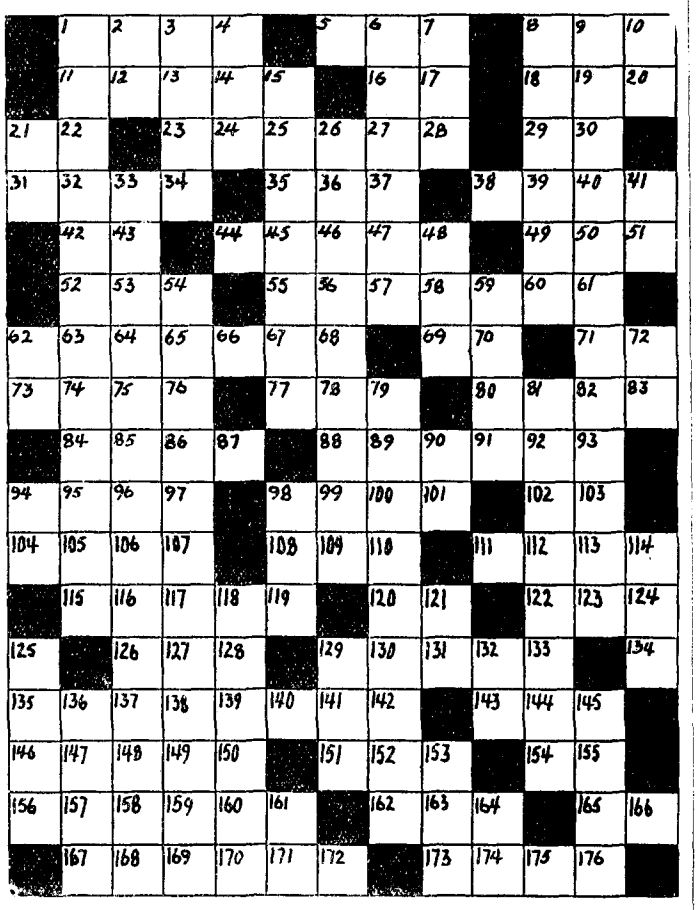
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 80-38-157-84. A whistling scoundrel.	— — — —
II. 137-19-109-172-45-1. Ripe, matured.	— — — — — —
III. 115-103-106-36-8-53-165. Author of "12 Against the Gods."	— — — — — — —
IV. 139-30-93-37-112-143-153-68. An Arnold Bennett heroine.	— — — — — — — —
V. 64-52-9-152-144-171-91-114. Immortality.	— — — — — — — — —
VI. 148-69-102-173-130-120. Addison's literary club.	— — — — — —
VII. 136-167-163-14-34. To make corrections.	— — — — —
VIII. 27-122-12-18-147-40. Famous ancient war.	— — — — — —
IX. 28-96-76-133. Blind god who slew Baldur.	— — — —
X. 116-73-33-61-101. Choice or select part.	— — — — — —
XI. 107-110-13-164-74-20. Gets away from.	— — — — — — —
XII. 65-6-56. British freight car; forefront.	— — —
XIII. 63-23-99-146-176. African variety of lumber.	— — — — — —
XIV. 24-168-58-124-11. Disturbs, vexes.	— — — — —
XV. 31-42-51-160-95-78-123-90-49-15 Two words for Hades.	— — — — — — — — — —
XVI. 55-132-25-174-154-92-159. Studio.	— — — — — — —
XVII. 71-125-26-98-145-77-46-87. Heedlessly impetuous.	— — — — — — — —
XVIII. 170-2-59-50-131-81-129. Field of dramatic art.	— — — — — — —
XIX. 85-70-126-82-97-111-86-72-16-60-156 Hints.	— — — — — — — — — — —
XX. 43-54-5-88-29-21-135-158-35. Swedenborgian institution (2 wds.)	— — — — — — — — —
XXI. 117-175-41-166-100-140-47-7. Tormenting insects.	— — — — — — — —
XXII. 142-131-89-162. Celebrated literary street.	— — — —
XXIII. 121-17-94-39-75-150-105-155. Intermittently (3 words).	— — — — — — — —
XXIV. 48-62-128-138-118-161. Fifth month of Jewish calendar.	— — — — — —
XXV. 164-113-67-32-57-127-10. Plume for a helmet.	— — — — — — —
XXVI. 149-3-169-141-79-22-83. A pledge.	— — — — — — —
XXVII. 151-102-44-66-119-4. Complaint.	— — — — — —



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most interesting communication I've had lately has been from *Earl Daniels,* but as it relates almost entirely to the poetry of *C. Day Lewis* which Random House has recently brought out, I'll save it for next week. Mr. Daniels thinks, incidentally, that I treated *Auden* and *Spender* in rather cavalier fashion—but then I beg him to remember that my comments were not a review of their work. That appeared in the body of the magazine by another writer, and was a favorable one. . . . I wish to thank *Philip S. Clarke* for most genially catching me out on a word I let slip. Recently in speaking of lifting my hat in salutation I used the word "salutary" when I meant "salutatory." My face is carmine. . . . *Sherwood Anderson* says that he has "found the one place in America where a man can almost make his living catching trout." The general location of this anglers' paradise is in the Old Dominion. Scribners are publishing his forthcoming book, "Puzzled America." . . . *Monk Gibbon,* an English poet of merit, has written a prose work called "The Seals," published by Jonathan Cape in London, which has attracted favorable notice. It is written around a seal-hunting expedition in a motor-boat off the coast of Donegal. . . . Doubleday, Doran's newly-designed edition of *Edna Ferber's* five novels, "So Big," "The Girls," "Show Boat," "Cimarron," and "American Beauty," is one I am delighted to possess. Her latest novel, "Come and Get It," is her first in three years. . . . *Louis Paul* is a lucky writer. His first short story won the O. Henry Memorial Award and his first novel becomes a Literary Guild selection. . . . The title of *Horace Gregory's* new volume of poetry, just published by Covici-Friede, has been changed from "Phoenix in Broadcloth" to "Chorus for Survival." Perhaps because of my own heading for this department I liked his first title best! The book consists of a prologue, six main episodes, and an epilogue. . . . *Honoré Willsie Morrow* recently sailed back to her Elizabethan farm-house in South Devon, where she now permanently resides. . . . I was saddened to read recently of the death of *Arthur Truman Merrill,* poet and publisher, and of *Douglas Zabriskie Doty,* for many years a magazine editor in New York and latterly a scenario writer in Hollywood. I was once sub-editor to Doty on the old *Century Magazine,* and he was a grand man to work with. . . . *Mary Borden,* the novelist, in private life *Mrs. E. L. Spears,* has written the publishers of the birth of her first grandchild, to her daughter, *Mrs. Comfort Hart Davis.* Mrs. Spears's new book, "King of the Jews," is just out. . . . Eric Hatch, who has been having a fine time attending the filming of his hilarious novel, "Five Days," in Hollywood, will have a new one in April, through Little, Brown, entitled "Fly-by-Night." . . . Coward, McCann report that they are not bringing out *MacKinlay Kantor's* book of poems, "Turkey in the Straw," as any sop to Cerberus—meaning the author. Of course his novel, "Long Remember," was a sensation last spring—but they had literally to bully him into making a collection of his poems, and to camp upon his trail until he delivered the manuscript. . . . D. Appleton-Century Company chose as the color of the binding of *Jay William Hudson's* forthcoming novel, "Morning in Gascony," a blue design suggestive of the clear blue skies of a Gascon morning. But Mr. Hudson conducted an investigation on his own account into what the color of dawn actually is, and has found the best authority among great writers for all the following: red, golden, gray, purple, russet, silver, azure, white, pink, saffron, and dappled—the last being from Milton, "The dappled dawn doth rise!" . . . *Harold Nicolson* expects to deliver in June his manuscript of the biography of *Dwight Morrow,* which will be published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace. . . . In April a new edition of *Masefield's* "Collected Poems" will be published by Macmillan with an entirely new preface in which the Poet Laureate discusses the making of his poems. . . . You ought to get *Archibald MacLeish's* play in verse, "Panic," which Houghton Mifflin will publish in a few days. I am glad to see verse revived as a dramatic medium. . . . *Arthur Koehler,* the wood expert whose testimony was so important in the Hauptmann case, is the author of "The Properties and Uses of Wood" and "The Kiln Drying of Lumber," both published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. . . . Two volumes of the letters of *Gerard Manley Hopkins* have been published by the Oxford University Press. . . . *Graham Greene,* the English novelist and brilliant young cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, has just gone to Liberia, the negro republic of West Africa. . . . *Doris Peel,* whose book of short stories, "Aunt Margot," is her most recent, was born in London, spent her childhood in Canada, and after two years in Raleigh, North Carolina, came to New England and has lived for nearly ten years in Brookline and Cambridge. Her brother, *Robert Peel,* is an instructor in English at Harvard, and one of the masters at Eliot House. . . . For *Robert Graves's* "Claudius the God," Smith & Haas have got out a clever sheet called *Roman Tribune.* Up top it says, "Weather: Favorable for Omens" and "Late City Edition." The price seems to be one sestertium. Naturally there's some gory news on the front page!

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Gertrude Stein had seemed to us to have shown all the evidences of silence and obsolescence, but Harcourt Brace's news notes keep insisting that she is still touring the universities. "It does continue to be interesting," she writes. What does? ☞The staff of Harcourt Brace are also eating dulse (red seaweed) because it is praised in Neil Gunn's *Highland Night.* They say it can be bought only at Grand Central (the dulse, not the novel). ☞Another enigmatic publisher's outcry is Doubleday's announcement of Kenneth Roberts's *For Authors Only and Other Gloomy Essays* (delightful title). The book includes (says Doubleday) "papers on Oxford University, which explain Oxford more successfully than any educator has succeeded in doing." ☞Well, Stephen Leacock didn't do it so badly; also Matthew Arnold and John Corbin and Max Beerbohm. ☞We look forward with special curiosity to *Vidocq,* translated by Edwin G. Rich, announced for this month by Houghton Mifflin. This is the autobiography of the famous French detective whose fame started the whole chain of modern sleuth romances. ☞Stopped for lunch at the good old Planters Restaurant at 124 Greenwich Street which claims that it was there that Edgar Allan Poe had the lavish and excellent meals which he described in the famous letter to Mrs. Clemm. The Planters quotes this letter in a leaflet, but is wrong in dating it 1835. It was written April 7, 1844. ☞The annual subscription dinner of the Friends of the Princeton Library is to be held at the Plaza Hotel, April 25. Mr. Whitney Darrow reports that this year the occasion will be "a southern dinner with southern cooking, and the topic of discussion 'The South in Literature.'"

☞William Rose Benét's article last week about the Slick Paper Magazines sent old Q. to reading one for the first time in years. He picked up the *Pictorial Review* and the first thing he saw was a serial story by Faith Baldwin, about a pair of young people running a bookshop. "Business picked up at the bookshop," it said, "so they advertised, in one weekly paper devoted to the doings of the literary world." Naturally Q. was pleased. ☞That briskly sybaritic sheet *The Pleasures of Publishing,* issued from the Columbia University Press, calculates as follows:—"So far this year we have published 15 books. The average list price is $2.15. The average number of pages is 194. The average cost per page is $0.0111, which is close to the penny-a-page ideal." ☞The richest collection of really squirmy reading seen in some time is the *Third Omnibus of Crime* edited by Dorothy Sayers (Coward-McCann). Miss Sayers's preface is elegantly witty and her choice of stories superb. The book is full of new unfamiliar stuff, not the old shopworn favorites. If you encounter this mentholated volume watch for the yarns by Basil Mitchell, Garnett Radcliffe, Margery Sharp, A. E. Coppard, D. K. Broster, Margaret Irwin, John Metcalfe.

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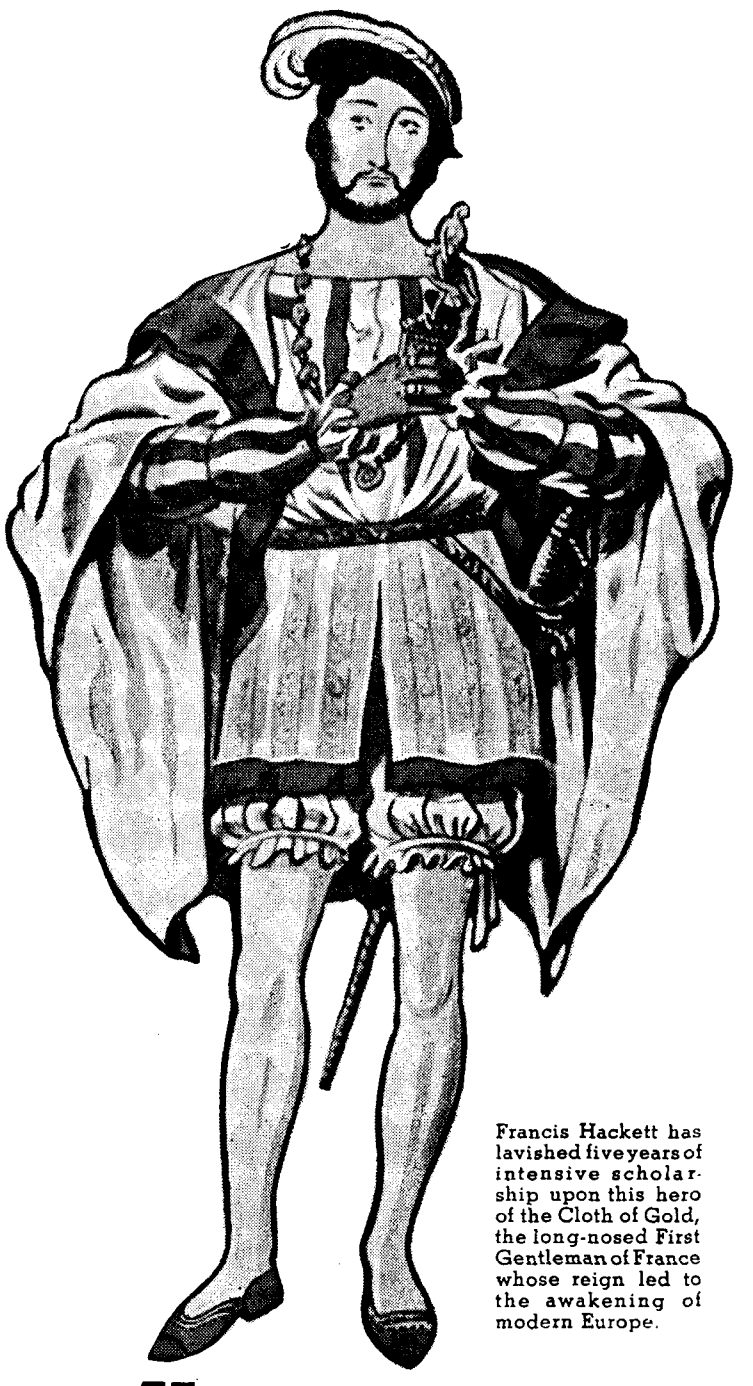

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